MARVEL MAGAZINES

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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Christmas Special!

Who's *fooling* Who?

Sophie and Sylvester dress for the occasion!

Sylvester McCoy faces trial by TARDIS tin on page 12 . . .

ACE ROOFING CO
LEE

We don't normally 'do' Christmas at *Doctor Who Magazine* – last year we just had a token sprig of holly hanging from the editorial – but we suddenly found ourselves in the mood to do something different this time round, hence the festive feast you hold in your hands right now.

Sadly, *Doctor Who* itself didn't really 'do' Christmas either, so finding themed features was a bit of a challenge. The only episode with a seasonal flavour (*The Feast of Steven*) has long since gone to the great videotape library in the sky, so we've plumped for the riotous *The Horns of Nimon* as our Archive – a story which could only be more like a panto if Lalla Ward and Tom Baker swapped roles (which plot-wise, come to think of it, they largely do) and Soldeed was played by Danny La Rue.

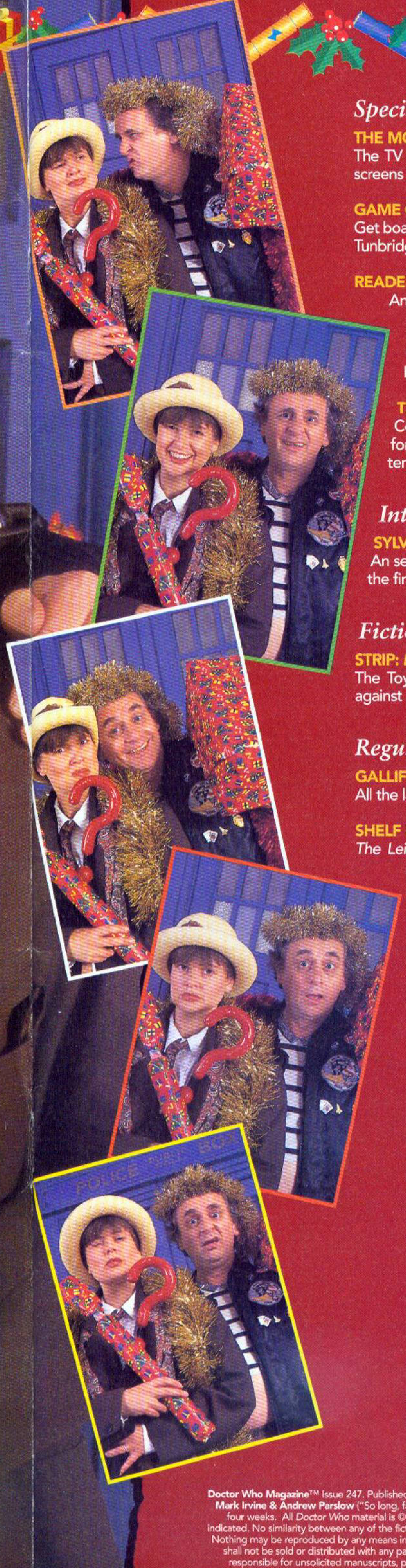
Our Game of the Year, on page 19, is a light-hearted look back at 1996 – a particularly eventful 12 months – and should put you in the mood for filling in our annual survey form. Your response is very important to us, so if you can, please take a few minutes to let us know your opinions.

It's been a year of hard work and big changes at *DWM*, and it's with a great deal of sadness that I have to end the year by saying goodbye to *DWM*'s long-serving assistant editor Scott Gray. I'll miss his commitment, creative drive and level headedness enormously.

However, I'm happy to say that back through Marvel's revolving doors and into the assistant's chair is regular contributor Alan Barnes – so it's a big "shut up and get your work done" to him.

Just time to wish you a Merry Christmas – happy reading, and a jolly fine 1997!

Gary



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Cover and page 2 photography by Robin Prichard

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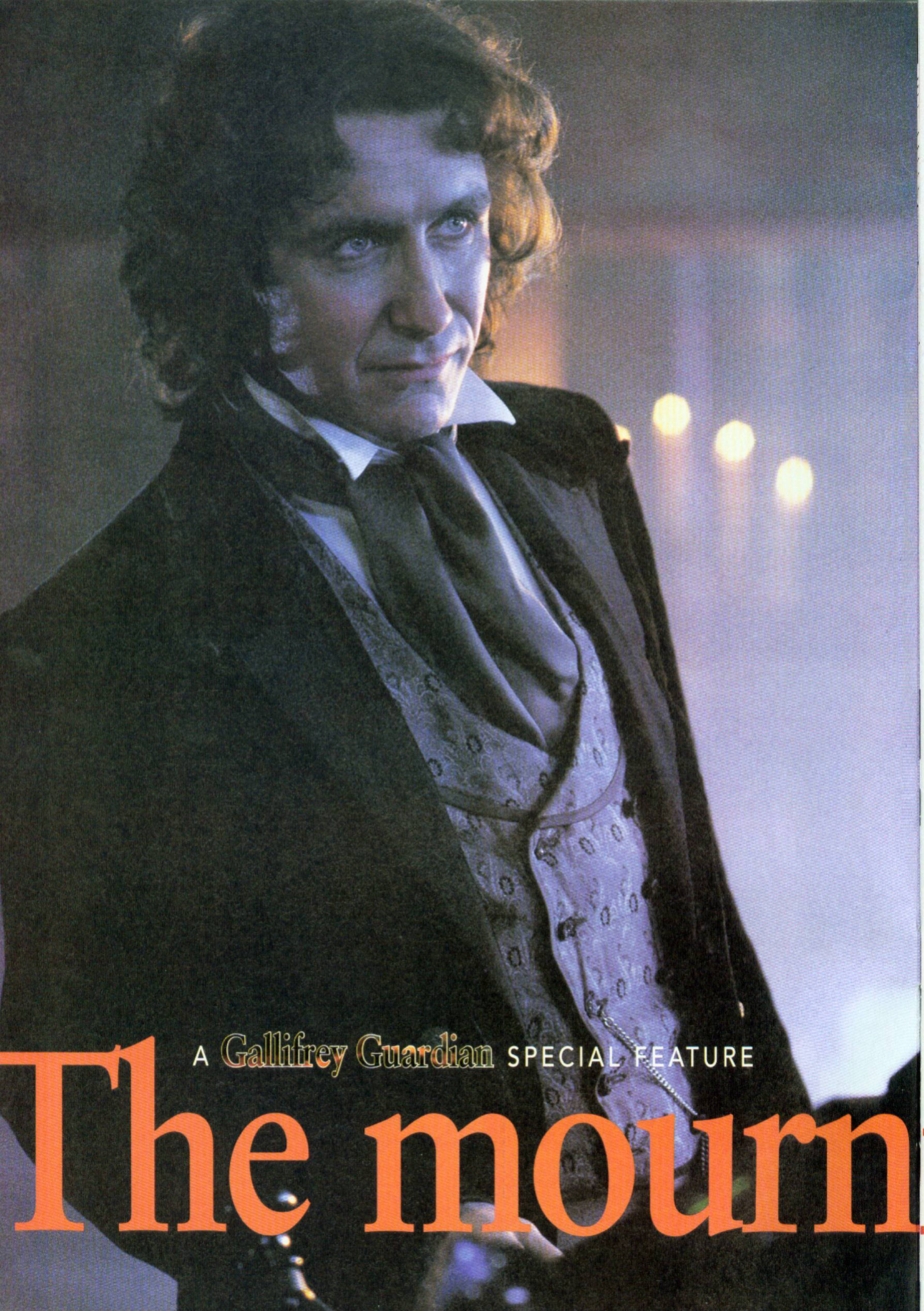


A Gallifrey Guardian SPECIAL FEATURE

The mourning after...

PART TWO

Come on Grace, we've got work to do . . .

Gary Gillatt concudes our thought-provoking and exhaustive look at the current staus of Doctor Who, and considers the hurdles the series must overcome before it can return to our screens . . .

Last month, in Part One of this feature, we reviewed *Doctor Who*'s tortuous path back to TV between its cancellation by BBC Drama in 1989 and its resurrection in the form of the 1996 Paul McGann TV Movie. Analysing both the relationship between the film's co-production partners – BBC Worldwide, the Corporation's commercial arm, and US programme-maker Universal – and the management structures of the two major networks that bought the finished film – BBC1 in the UK and Fox in the States – we concluded that it was only with the interest and support of four key individuals that the *Doctor Who* TV Movie ever got made at all. Each has a particular significance: Worldwide's Tony Greenwood saw that the series could have a productive future within his wing of the BBC; Alan Yentob, Controller of BBC1, was willing to accept the film for screening on his channel; Trevor Walton made a similar commitment at Fox. The fourth 'player' was to be both the cornerstone of, and only constant during, six-plus years' negotiation: executive producer Philip Segal. Without his enthusiasm – which remained undiluted throughout – *Doctor Who* would almost certainly still be trapped in development hell.

Many others, of course, were to be involved in the final phase which finally returned *Doctor Who* to the TV screen. It's fair to say that much of the film's epic narrative sweep came from the pen of scriptwriter Matthew Jacobs, much of its visual splendour from the eye of director Geoffrey Sax, and much of its charm from Paul McGann's delightful lead performance. It was Segal's willpower, however, that got the film made; it was his vision of the tone and feel that *Doctor Who* should adopt – his insistence that it should not ever be "camp or silly", for example – that led him to bring that particular team together and informed their creative decisions.

Similarly, although three people were credited as executive producer, there was only one to whom all deferred on issues of style and content: Philip Segal. His associates, Alex Beaton and Jo Wright, although involved throughout the later stages of the development process, were effectively put 'on his back' – by Universal and Worldwide respectively – to monitor his progress and police his budgetary decisions. On set in Vancouver, Segal would have to face the others down over matters such as spending and production scheduling. It is, perhaps, testament to Segal's management of the situation that so little of his "vision" would be compromised. Eventually, however, Segal's grip had to slip. After the film had left post-production, his control over its final presentation was, to all intents and purposes, at an end. *Doctor Who*'s fate was now in the hands of nework executives, schedulers and marketing departments . . .

Even before principal photography was completed in February, both Fox and BBC1 had set transmission dates for the film: May 14th in the US, May 27th in the UK. The BBC had initially considered a range of other dates between October and Christmas before settling on the late Spring Bank Holiday. The eventual date was decided on for two reasons. Firstly, an autumn transmission would have maintained a question-mark over the possible commissioning of a series for some months; the BBC would have had no sense of the pilot film's popularity until very late in the year. If all had gone well, both production and broadcast of a new series would have been delayed for an unacceptable period.

Secondly, a network transmission following so long after the video release would have required an expensive, and confusing, duplication of publicity. Moreover, it would have been difficult for the BBC to trumpet the return of *Doctor Who* in May if it had actually required the licence-payer to fork out £14.99 for the chance to see it. (The slogan, "He's back . . . and it's about £15!" wouldn't have had quite the same ring to it.) Worldwide was quite happy to justify the film's early video release with the perfectly valid explanation that it had been their investment which had bankrolled the project in the first place – and that their business was selling videos. How else were they to see a return? Other quarters of the BBC perhaps recognised that the general public would not so easily be able to distinguish between Worldwide's priorities and those of the Corporation as a whole – and would perhaps feel that their public service broadcaster was taking them for a ride. Indeed, at the time, *The People* newspaper contacted this magazine soliciting an opinion on the BBC's perceived "profiteering"; just days later, a decision was made somewhere within the higher echelons of the network to move the film's transmission date closer to its video release.

A feature-length revival was all very well, but what fans really wanted was a new series.

By this time, the thoughts of *Doctor Who* fans everywhere had moved on a stage. A feature-length revival was all very well, but what they really wanted was a new series to appreciate and/or assassinate. It was clear that a great deal was required of the film before Worldwide and Universal would commit to such a large undertaking. Ratings on both Fox and BBC1 had to be high before either network would be willing to commission further episodes from them – they had to be almost unreasonably high to satisfy Fox – and the video had to sell well. When **DWM** spoke to Segal in Vancouver, the producer was unwilling to even so much as hazard a guess as to what would happen if the film did not make the grade

Opposite:
Paul McGann as the Doctor.

Above:
The Master (Eric Roberts) and Chang Lee (Yee Jee Tso) infiltrate the TARDIS.
Photos © BBC Video

Right: Eric Roberts as the Master.

Below right: The impressive TV Movie Cloister Room set; the upper levels were added in post-production. Photos © BBC Video

on its TV premieres. Initially, it seemed that it was purely the movie's disappointingly low 8.3 million rating – a paltry 9% of the available audience – on Fox which prevented that network's executives from racing to buy a new series from Worldwide/Universal. In fact, the background to the decision not to proceed was far more complicated than that – but that was not to be revealed until later in the year . . .

Meanwhile, early in the summer following the transmission of *Doctor Who*, *Generation X* – a film based on Marvel's mutant superhero comic strip, which had aired on 20th February in the same *Tuesday Night Movie* slot – was picked up as a syndicated series. *Generation X*, filmed in Vancouver some months before *Doctor Who*, had shared not only many of *Doctor Who*'s production team, but had also used one of its major locations and was to hand-down the 'crown of thorns' prop; its storyline was structurally very similar to that of the McGann film. Furthermore, *Sliders*, Fox's dimension-hopping adventure series, was granted a third run, despite being somewhat less than a ratings smash itself [see our Philip Segal interview on the right].

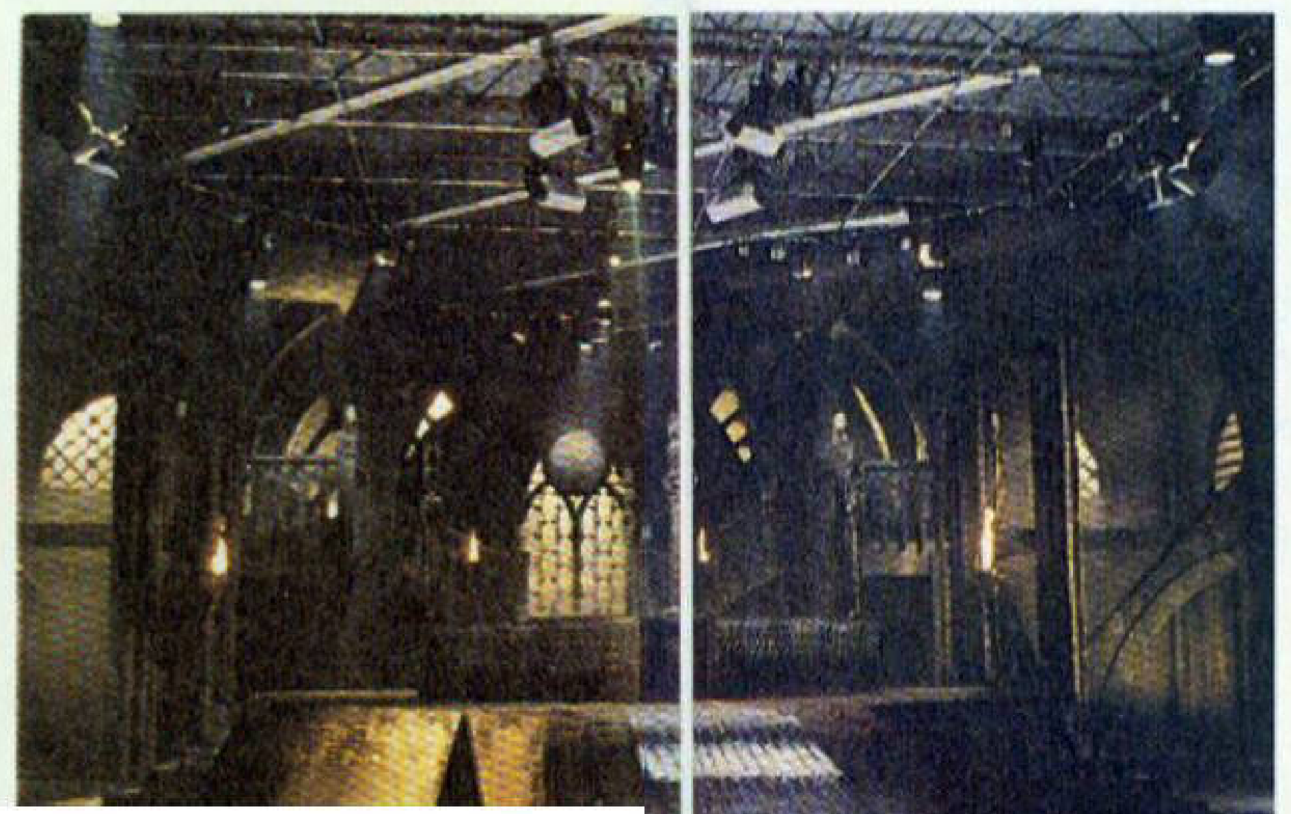
Conversely, *Doctor Who did* score a hit back at its ancestral home on BBC1. According to the Broadcasters Audience Research Board, on the night of 27th May the film was watched 'live' by 8.19 million viewers, and video-recorded to watch later by a further 0.89 million. The total number of viewers – 9.08 million – represented a 36% audience share for that timeslot and placed the film 15th in that week's ratings chart. Networked competition on ITV came from Victorian medical melodrama *Bramwell*, which had its own audience share cut from the previous week's 43% to a significantly lower 35%. *Doctor Who* received a generally positive response in such viewer-driven forums as *Points of View* and the letters pages of *Radio Times*, but a rather more mixed assessment from critics in the national newspapers. (Sadly, those papers which allegedly have the greatest influence over those in charge of BBC policy and output – *The Guardian*, *The Independent* and *The Daily Telegraph* – were generally scornful of almost every aspect of the production other than McGann's performance.)

The video release performed very well by *Doctor Who* standards, staying in the CIN Top Ten for two weeks (something even the 1992 release of the then recently-recovered *The Tomb of the Cybermen* couldn't manage). Upwards of 35,000 units were sold in its first week; only copies of that week's top rental tape, *GoldenEye*, shipped from wholesalers faster. In the months that have followed, the TV Movie has notched up a total sale of around 90,000 – more than twice that of any previous *Doctor Who* issue, but still somewhat short of BBC Video's biggest earners (*Pride and Prejudice*, likewise released before it had completed transmission, has sold more than 370,000 units since 1995). Sadly, the pre-broadcast sales window for *Doctor Who* had been drastically narrowed from that initially predicted by the advancement of the TV broadcast, and closed further after certification difficulties. A tape that Worldwide had confidently expected to be on sale for at least four months before its terrestrial broadcast ultimately only arrived on shelves some 140 hours before its British TV premiere . . .

On 21st November, **DWM** caught up with Worldwide's Vicky Thomas, who had managed the publicity for the video release; we asked if she had any sense of how the video's sales had suffered due to this changing timetable. She replied: "We were certainly very disappointed that we lost a good deal of time we had expected to have to promote the tape. The earlier than originally planned transmission by BBC1 certainly killed it, giving us only a one week head start.

"Nonetheless, the lion's share of the sales took place during that first week, mostly, it seems, to the hardcore of fans. We had hoped that marketing of the Paul McGann film would help *Doctor Who* to break out of that mould and find a wider audience, and I think the overall sales show that happened to a degree. It was difficult to predict from the start."

Thomas' response to the delay caused by the certification process was equally philosophical. "That was always going to be touch-and-go," she said. "We simply wanted to get the tape out as soon as we possibly could, and the original plan for a May 15th issue cut things very fine. We could only get a master copy of the film on 1st May, after which we had to have it flown back to the UK, edited as necessary – over a Bank Holiday weekend – add the logos and copyright notices, before passing it to the BBFC [British Board of Film Certification]. They normally require six weeks to process a release, but we negotiated a special allowance to get this one through in days. Even then, we had a very tight schedule for duplication, inlay printing and distribution; it only took one tiny thing to go wrong to hold everything up. That problem came from the BBFC, who ruled that we could not release the cassette with a higher rating than that effectively carried by the TV version. We had wanted the video version to be as full as possible, but unfortunately we were told they had to be the same. The small hold-up caused by our need to forward a copy of the TV version to the BBFC was magnified by delays that then caused in the rest of the production process. Like I said, we were trying to make the film available to fans as soon as we could, and it was always going to be difficult."



However, even by the end of May, and despite the best efforts of BBC Worldwide to give *Doctor Who* a successful relaunch, it was clear that the film had performed well in some arenas, but poorly in others. Fans had, once again, a taste of the doubts and uncertainty which had dogged them through the first half of the decade. Moreover, between 1989 and 1996, fans only had to get to grips with the quietly unpredictable ways and moods of the BBC, but now other organisations were involved; the equation was far more complex, and motives more difficult to divine. There was, however, a innate sense that *Doctor Who* had been set an impossible challenge – it had been required to prove itself in too many markets at once, and to fulfil the needs of all-too-many vested interests.

It had been clearly stated from January onwards that the deal binding together Universal and BBC Worldwide would remain active only until the end of 1996. During that time, and with mutual agreement, Paul McGann and the production team could be called back to film further episodes. In Vancouver, Segal told **DWM** that, should the film be considered a success, McGann could be expected to feature in five years' worth of 50-minute episodes.

Sadly, since May, the silence from the production wing of

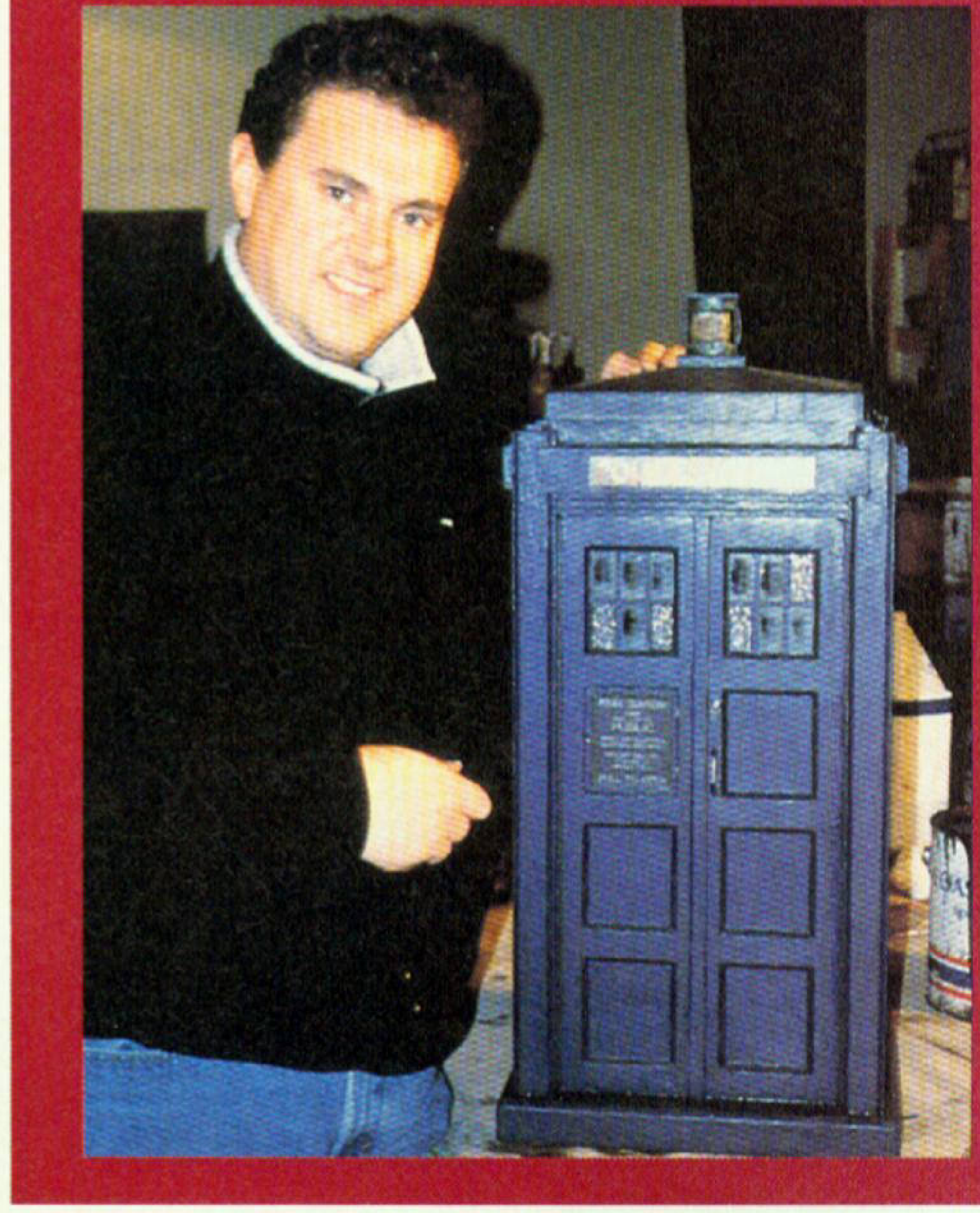
The TV Movie has notched up a total video sale of around 90,000.

Philip Segal

DWM last spoke to **Philip Segal**, co-executive producer of the *Doctor Who* TV movie, in Vancouver during the latter stages of the film's production. We decided that the time was ripe for another chat with Philip – in which we could hear his opinion of the finished production, his reading of the current political situation at the BBC and Fox, and his plans for the future . . .

Philip, how do you feel about *Doctor Who* now all the hype and excitement of the production period and launch has died down?

I feel exactly the same way now about *Doctor Who* as I did before. I believe in it passionately but still think that it hasn't had a chance to fulfil more than a small part of its potential. It's a great programme with more substance and style than almost anything else around at the moment. Unfortunately, we have a lot of work to do bridging the gap between America and Britain – producing a programme that reflects the blend of experience of life in both countries, a programme that appeals equally to all. It deserves to be loved the world over. I'm absolutely certain that we could have got there if we were given a chance to work with it futher. I am certain, however, that its time will come, that it will get its chance, but unfortunately current politics within the companies involved will delay its resurrection.



But surely the TV Movie was that chance?

Yes, that's what some of us hoped, but others had a different agenda. Fox were extremely disappointed by the performance of the film – but at the end of the day that result is not entirely surprising. The film was very badly promoted in the US, and Fox never seemed to have their hearts in it. It suffered badly because of that.

Was the BBC more enthusiastic?

Oh yes, absolutely. The level of support from the BBC was tremendous – they were very keen all the way through to make sure that everything was absolutely right. I've been speaking to Worldwide through the summer, and they're still very much pro-*Doctor Who*.

Was it difficult working with two different companies in equal control, with differing needs?

It did become very difficult at times – there were a lot of opinions and requirements to satisfy. Sometimes it was certainly a case of 'too many cooks'. However, I think everyone did the very best they could, given the time and resources available, and the politics of the situation.

Did you read many of the reviews?

Yes, quite a lot. They showed a genuinely mixed response – but then, it was always going to divide the audience. Any kind of change is always going to divide the audience – regeneration stories always have. But all in all, everyone found a lot to like in the film, and it suggested there was an audience for the future.

So is the poor response on Fox the only reason why things have not, so far, gone further?

That's right, yes. It's completely down to internal politics within Fox. The fact that *Sliders* was confirmed for a new series rather than *Doctor Who* shows that very well. *Sliders* was, and is, in terrible troubles; but the fact is that the rights to *Sliders* are wholly owned by Fox and *Doctor Who* is only half-owned – so *Sliders* is worth a lot more to them and is being propped up. At Fox, *Doctor Who* was the victim of a total political assassination.

But Fox had been happy to give *Doctor Who* a chance in the first place. Was that solely down to the support of Trevor Walton, the vice-president in charge of stand-alone film production?

Trevor always has been a great supporter of *Doctor Who* from Day One, but his influence only extends so far.

So what next for *Doctor Who*?

Well, we'll have to see what happens when the option expires at the end of the year, and all rights revert back to BBC Worldwide. The field is then open for anyone to negotiate for them.

"*Doctor Who* was the victim of a total political assassination . . ."

Is a new production something you would wish to be involved with?

I remain a great believer in *Doctor Who*, and I think it should always be in the hands of people who are enthusiastic about it. It mustn't be reduced to camp silliness like its last years in the eighties.

So your work isn't over?

Let's just say that I'm waiting in the wings.

Can you give any hints about your plans?

No, this is not the time. It's fair to say, though, that the theatrical feature rights interest me as well.

By "theatrical rights", you mean you'd like to make a cinema-released *Doctor Who* film?

That's all I'm prepared to say . . . but I do firmly believe that *Doctor Who*'s day is yet to come.

◆

Worldwide has been deafening. Throughout the summer, when asked about their plans for the series, the company have simply made reference to the standing contract with Universal and stated that no decision will be taken before the end of the year – and have refused to be drawn on the subject of Fox's frosty response to the TV Movie and the US network's clearly-signalled desire not to proceed with either a series proper or even, simply, a second film.

On 9th October, some insight into the thinking of senior BBC executives came from an unexpected source. Tim Collins, a lifelong *Doctor Who* fan and a Conservative Party candidate in the next General Election, made the most of an invitation to a BBC-sponsored dinner at his party's conference. He managed to buttonhole two significant senior figures from the Corporation and ask them about *Doctor Who*: Will Wyatt, Chief Executive of BBC Broadcast, who has overall control of programme commissioning for all BBC channels, and Bob Phillis, the Deputy Director General and Chief Executive of BBC Worldwide.

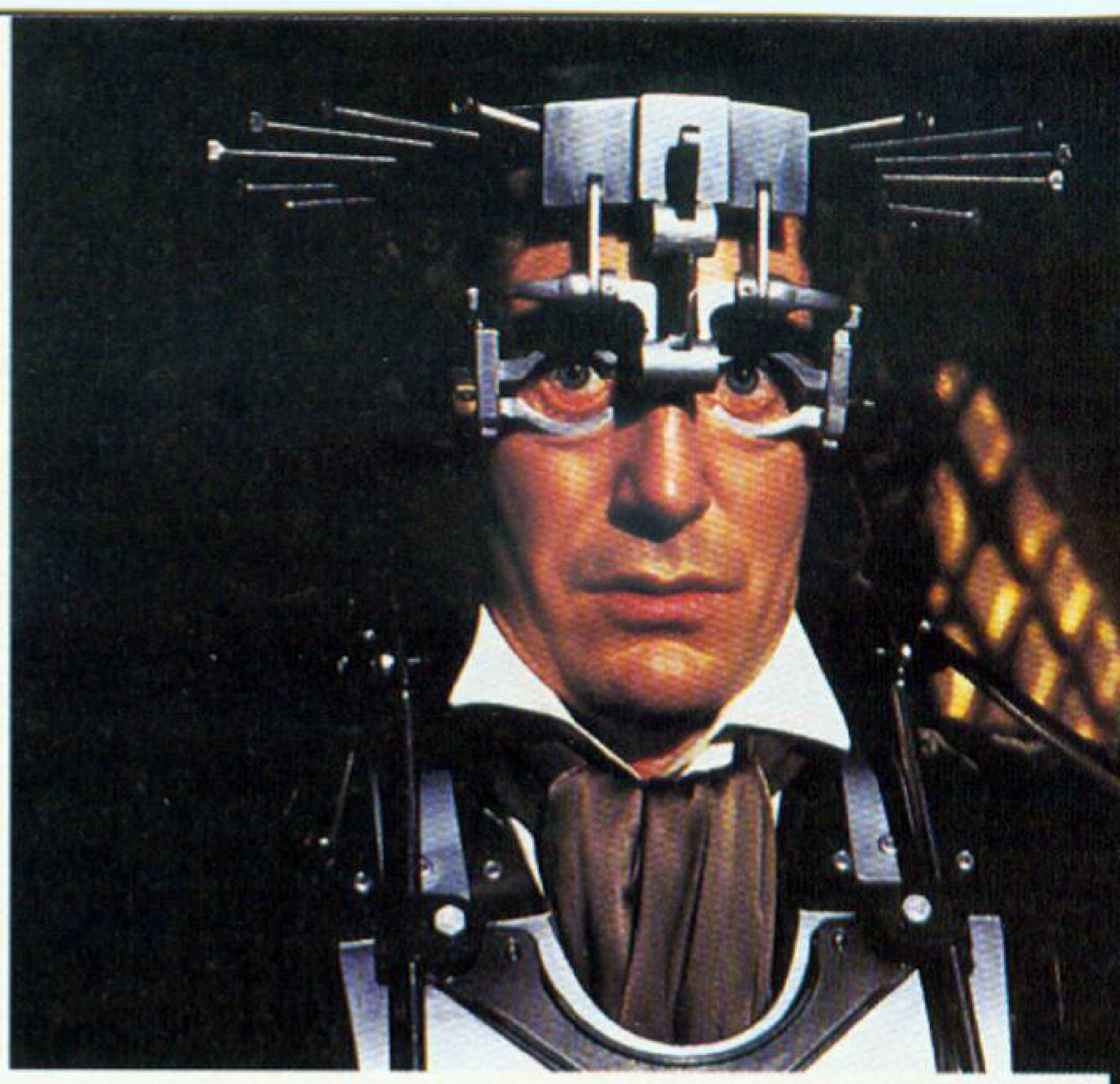
Below: One of San Francisco's finest makes an unexpected entrance . . . Photo © BBC Video

Responding to Collins, Wyatt observed that the film "did not do that well" in Britain and had "not been right for the family audience [the BBC] had hoped to attract." When asked if the BBC would take up the baton alone if Fox/Universal passed on it, he replied in the negative, asserting that its costs were too great, and that it would look "too cheap" without American money. Commenting on *Doctor Who*'s seven-year journey back to TV, he apparently remarked that the series had been failing badly in the eighties, and that it should have been taken off before it was, thus granting its revival a better chance of success. Wyatt had been impressed by Segal, the "very young, very enthusiastic" producer he'd met on the set of *SeaQuest DSV*, an earlier Segal foray into sci-fi, adding that Segal's enthusiasm had been one of the reasons he had backed Alan Yentob's wish to bring *Doctor Who* back.

Phillis was non-committal, avoided offering a personal opinion and deferred to Wyatt. When Wyatt was asked directly whether or not more *Doctor Who* would be made, he said, bluntly: "No. We can't afford it."

It's a shame that Bob Phillis was unwilling to be drawn on the subject in the presence of Wyatt – but his reticence is understandable. If the former had held a different opinion to the latter, it would have been quite inappropriate for him to state it after Wyatt had so clearly voiced his own. However, this month Philip Segal has indicated that it is his perception that Worldwide are still broadly behind the idea of producing new *Doctor Who* (not unsurprisingly, given their desire to launch a whole raft of merchandise on the back of a prospective new series). However, Worldwide cannot commit to further production – with or without Universal – if they do not have a screening commitment from a network. Interestingly, Wyatt's response mirrors that of the executives at Fox; he seems just as unwilling to accept a series for either of his channels. It seems difficult to discern his reasons. As a stand-alone pilot, *Doctor Who* performed very well in the BBC1 ratings by anyone's standards. Many other drama series which went on to be substantial hits – *Casualty*, for example – initially put fewer 'bums on seats' than the *Doctor Who* film but, with the continued sponsorship of the network, were able to flourish and find an audience. BBC Broadcast's attitude appears to be that *Doctor Who* has had its chance – and squandered it on a production that was, in Wyatt's words, "too dark" and "did not capture the family audience". What else was expected from a film that had to be shown between 8.30 and 10.00pm and, in video classification terms, was unsuitable for children under 12? If it was expected to to find a family audience, why was it not made for one? Moreover, BARB's viewer information for the evening of the 27th indicates that *Doctor Who* was, in fact, watched by 14% of all children with access to a television set – a higher figure than that achieved by *any* other programme that day (even *Neighbours* at 5.30pm claimed only 11%, and *Disney Time*, at 4.30pm, a mere 8%).

The claim that *Doctor Who* is too expensive to make seems equally insubstantial. The same bodies that decided to make an 'adult' film also opted to make an costly one. It is somewhat ironic that the BBC has now judged that it "can't afford" to make *Doctor Who* any longer; a programme once notoriously a cheap and cheerful popular entertainment. Now, however, it is deemed that the series must keep up with multi-million dollar cinematic trends in special effects – but *Doctor Who* never tried to look like *2001: A Space Oddessy* in the sixties, nor *Star Wars* in the seventies. Why should it now look like *Independence Day* in the nineties? It would be a very great shame if *Doctor Who* has been labelled as expensive simply because the TV Movie was costly – for the £3 million it cost was not spent on stocking it with visual effects that would make it look like a Hollywood blockbuster. (Certainly the effects that were on display were very attractive and convincing, but they were also limited in number and well within the range of the BBC's own Effects Department – you only need to look at their award-winning work on *Red Dwarf* to see what they can now do on even the most limited budget: around £100,000 for six 25-minute episodes, no less.) No, the film was expensive quite simply because it was decided to spend a lot of money making it. It was expensive because it was made in the US, entirely on film and shot mostly at night with a cast and crew of hundreds, some of whom – Eric Roberts, for example – were more expensive than others. But now, because of those choices, the mould from which the series is struck has been re-tooled. Now it seems to be believed that ninety minutes of *Doctor Who* now *must* cost £3 million, rather than the £325,000 it did in 1989. Because the film was a co-production between Worldwide and Universal, both parties were effectively getting it at half price, making it prohibitively expensive for either partner to proceed alone – should they so wish . . .



The cost implications make sense of suggestions made during the summer that Worldwide would need to find another partner before more *Doctor Who* could be made. The 'solution' is, however, simpler than that. If the current deal lapses, the rights will be available for sale from Worldwide once more – and the market will be once more open to appropriate bids from interested production companies.This is all very well, but a trifle redundant if no channel will accept a series for screening because they earnestly believe that *Doctor Who* is either unpopular or will not find an audience.

> **It is ironic that the BBC has now judged that it "can't afford" to make *Doctor Who* any longer; a programme once notoriously a cheap and cheerful popular entertainment.**

Ah, yes . . .'unpopular' (that 9.08 million rating aside). The most recent twist in the tale came on the evening of the 3rd November, when *Doctor Who* happened to be chosen, in an open election, as the nation's "all-time favourite popular drama" over and above such heavyweight competition as current hits *Casualty*, *EastEnders* and *Ballykissangel*.

This result can be – and has been – interpreted in a variety of different ways. Fans, plus Sylvester McCoy and Peter Davison at the awards ceremony, read it as a vote of confidence from the British public, and as an indication that the time is right for more episodes. The press, however, suggested that it was more of a measure of fans' overenthusiastic devotion to the series who must, surely, have orchestrated a campaign to ensure the show's victory. The truth, however, is rather more prosaic. There was no co-ordinated fan campaign; neither we at **DWM**, nor *Celestial Toyroom*, the fan club newsletter (arguably the two publications with the farthest reach into fandom) had a chance to mention that *Doctor Who* was in the running, let alone to organise a phone-in. Even so, it is not surprising that the series took the top place in its category. To win this kind of poll, a series needs to generate a loyalty that extends beyond merely a desire to watch it every week: it requires the same loyalty that allows merchandisers to sell books, magazines, toys, bubble bath, jigsaws, money boxes and Easter Eggs off the back of it. (*Colditz*, for example, could never win such a vote for the same reason that high street shops never stocked a one-twelfth scale model of Colditz castle, or pairs of underpants with David McCallum's face on them.) It is simply the nature of the beast. Nonetheless, even if *Doctor Who* was victorious *not* because more people actually do prefer it to *EastEnders*, but because it excites and engages its audience far more than any other programme in its class, that remains in itself no small thing . . .

So, what now? Well, we've battered on the doors of Worldwide asking for a formal quote about the series' future only to be told again, understandably perhaps, that no statement can be made until the Universal deal expires. This silence cannot last forever, and as the company gears up to launch its book, video and audio ranges in June of next year, pressure for a clear commitment to more episodes can only increase – and *will* increase. It already seems clear that Worldwide would like nothing more than a new series, but are trapped without a commitment from BBC1 to screen it.

Left, from the top: Scenes from the climax of the TV Movie: The Doctor (Paul McGann) in harness; the Master (Eric Roberts) in dramatic pose; the Master employs gentle means to ensure the co-operation of Dr Grace Holloway (Daphne Ashbrook). Photos © BBC Video

Using the TV60 vote as a starting point, we asked the BBC Press Office if this would be likely to change their stance towards the series. Their reply could almost have been dated at any point from 1990 onwards: "I can assure you that a great deal of careful thought has been given to the future of *Doctor Who*," we were told, "and we do appreciate the strength of affection of the programme's followers. In the current financial climate, however, we are severely restricted in our budgets for drama, and we have to try and stretch the resources we have to meet the interests of as many viewers as possible. For this reason, I am afraid it is unlikely that the BBC will be producing new *Doctor Who* stories in-house in the forseeable future." This statement isn't terribly helpful – we've known that BBC Drama has had no intention to produce *Doctor Who* in-house for many years. It did not, and still does not preclude any commitment to screen an independent production offered to the network at the right price.

Meanwhile, we must hope that BBC1 or BBC2 capitalise on the TV60 poll results by at least scheduling a series of primetime repeats of consecutive earlier serials. **DWM**'s work with Class 4G [see **DWM** 235] indicates that such repeats might gain the series a new young and loyal audience – the "family audience" whose absence was so bemoaned by Wyatt.

As for a new series . . . well, from our interview with Philip Segal published here, we know that *he*, at least, is "waiting in the wings." He will not be drawn on his plans, but seems likely to pitch for the licence to produce new *Doctor Who* again. And it is, in theory, completely within Worldwide's interests to allow either him, or another agency, to do so. With the TV Movie having given the series a new momentum and higher level of public awareness than it has had for many years, there is every reason to be optimistic. We can only wait and see.

Waiting. Yes, *Doctor Who* fans have got very good at waiting in the past few years. We have, however, also learned that appreciation of *Doctor Who* by no means depends solely upon the steady production of new episodes. There is still a lot of fun to be had and stories to be told – and **Doctor Who Magazine** will keep the flame burning bright throughout the coming months until, of course, *Doctor Who*'s return.

And return it most certainly will. Later or sooner, *Doctor Who* *will* be back on air. The central concept is too strong for any TV company to let slip away, particularly as – in these days of satellite, cable and digital broadcasting – they fight to keep hold of a diminishing share of a fracturing market.

We *Doctor Who* fans are the most well-equipped to deal with the series' absence. We *know* how good it is, and – through books, magazines, fanzines and friends – we have it with us all the time. Sadly, the main losers in this scenario are not the fans but the thousands of potential viewers who haven't yet had the chance to know what they are missing. On their behalf, it behoves us now to keep the spirit and thrill of *Doctor Who* alive in anticipation of its return. And we do that best, and most simply, by just carrying on loving it and being proud of it.

◆

Thanks to Andrew Pixley, Shannon Patrick Sullivan and Mark Wyman for assistance in compiling this feature.

Gallifrey Guardian

Enemies old and new are lined up by BBC Books

Further to our report last issue, DWM can now exclusively provide additional details of the first few titles in BBC Books' eagerly awaited range of new Eighth Doctor novels.

The first book, Terrance Dicks' *The Eight Doctors*, published in June, features an amnesiac Doctor trying to piece together his own history on a journey through his own past – meeting his previous incarnations along the way and gaining a new female companion, Sam.

Kate Orman's new book (co-written with fiancé Jonathan Blum) is titled *Vampire Science*. Published in July, the story brings the Doctor back to Earth in the 21st Century. There, an old friend called Caroline needs his help investigating strange autopsy results which indicate that a vampire-like killer is at large. As a Time Lord, the Doctor has a duty to track down the blood-thirsty-murderer . . . (Interestingly, Kate claims that this story was originally written with Grace in mind, but she and Jon were asked by the BBC to substitute another character – hence Caroline.)

Pencilled in for August is John Peel's *The War of the Daleks* – a title once on Virgin's list but withdrawn due to rights difficulties. The story sees the Doctor caught up in a Thal 'rescue' of Davros, whose escape pod (from *Remembrance of the Daleks*) has been found drifting in space. The Daleks, however, are not far behind . . . A sequel from the same author – *Legacy of the Daleks* – is already planned for 1998.

Mark Morris' first *Doctor Who* novel, *The Bodysnatchers*, follows in September. Further to our report last issue, we should point that Mark has *not* worked for BBC Books before, but he *has* had a range of successful horror novels published by Piatkus Books and HarperCollins. "A huge fan of the programme for many years", Mark tells us that he "grew up reading Target novelisations and **DWM**." Perhaps unsurprisingly, his novel has strong links to earlier stories in that it takes the Doctor back to 1890s England – looking for a replacement first edition of Wells' *The Time Machine* – where he once again teams up with police pathologist Professor Litefoot (*The Talons of Weng-Chiang*) who's investigating a spate of grave-robbing in London. Soon enough, an old and cunning enemy is found to be at work . . .

Yet to be confirmed for an October publication is Christopher Bulis' *Genocide*, which sees the Doctor trying to correct an alteration to the time line that has led to the extinction of the human race at an early stage of its evolution – an alteration caused by a team of time travelling humans which includes none other than his own former assistant, Jo Grant!

We understand that these new Eighth Doctor adventures will not feature the likeness of Paul McGann's Doctor on their covers. Precise reasons for this are unclear at time of writing.

A companion range of novels featuring the Doctor's earlier incarnations also launches in June with *The Devil Goblins from Neptune* by Martin Day and Keith Topping. This book, set against a backdrop of civil unrest and international tension, sees the Third Doctor, the Brigadier and Liz battling an invasion force led by the fearsome Waro.

July's *Murder Games*, by Steve Lyons, is set aboard the Earth-orbiting Hotel Galaxian in the year 2146. The Second Doctor, Ben and Polly are led to the space station by a distress signal, but end up staying to play a rather deadly game of murder. Like its predecessor, this novel also introduces a new alien menace in the form of the Salachians.

Chris Bulis' *The Ultimate Treasure*, out in August, has the Fifth Doctor and Peri embroiled in a hunt for the lost fortune of a long-missing emperor.

This will be followed by Robert Perry and Mike Tucker's *Illegal Alien*, a Seventh Doctor and Ace story set in the Blitz-ravaged London of 1940. The month of publication for this novel is yet to be announced.

Bits and pieces

The Paul McGann TV Movie is provisionally scheduled for a repeat on Fox in the US, rather appropriately, on New Year's Eve . . . Virgin has confirmed that the 'lost' *New Adventure* – Ben Aaronovitch's unfinished *So Vile a Sin* – will be published in the spring; Kate Orman will be completing the novel to Ben's original outline . . . In response to numerous enquires, we are sorry to inform readers that **Marvel** will not be publishing a **Doctor Who Yearbook** this year . . . Due to pressures of space, our analysis of the 'violent' *Doctor Who* material recently discovered in Australia has been held over . . . Sylvester McCoy will be making an appearance at a special signing at WH Smiths in Robson Street, Hastings on 21st December, between 11.00am at 12.00pm . . . The Llangollen 'Travellers in Time' will be holding further *Doctor Who* weekends on 21st to 23rd February and 14th to 16th March; telephone 01978 860533 for more details, and look out for a **DWM** feature on these weekends plus the Llangollen exhibition soon . . . Marketing company TGMO is developing an interactive *Doctor Who* phone line for the new year – which will offer a variety of news, interviews and other special features . . .

Video news

The Sylvester McCoy story *The Happiness Patrol*, the William Hartnell adventure *The War Machines* and Jon Pertwee's *The Mutants* are tentatively earmarked as the stories most likely to be released by BBC Video in 1997. These are in addition to Tom Baker's *The Leisure Hive* and a double-pack of Peter Davison's *The Awakening* and *Frontios*, already scheduled for January and March release respectively.

Outside the Spaceship

Doctors **Jon Pertwee** The life of Jon Pertwee was celebrated on Radio 4's *Radio Lives* on 31st October and on Radio 2's *Everybody Down! A Tribute to Jon Pertwee* on 7th December. *Worzel Gummidge* comes to UK Gold on 19th January.

Tom Baker took the lead in the five-part Radio 2 series *John Mortimer Presents the Trials of Marshall Hall* from 19th November.

Colin Baker is King Rat in Dick Whittington at the Theatre Royal Lincoln (21st Dec to 26th Jan – box office 01522 534570). His recent work includes *The Famous Five* and *The Knock* for ITV and the feature film *The Harpist*. More details next issue.

Sylvester McCoy is a Dame in *Aladdin* at the White Rock, Hastings (21st Dec to 12th Jan – box office 01522 534570). He will help launch Channel 5 at Easter playing Michael Sams, captor of kidnap victim and estate agent Stephanie Slater (Gina McKee) in a 90 minute documentary drama, *Beyond Fear*.

Companions **Frazer Hines** is the King in *Jack In the Beanstalk* at the Derngate, Northampton (19th Dec to 25th Jan – box office 01604 24811). His autobiography *Films, Farms and Fillies* has just been published by Boxtree.

Bonnie Langford will be slapping her thighs as Aladdin alongside *Daleks' Invasion Earth 2150 A.D.*'s **Bernard Cribbins** as Widow Twankey at the Richmond Theatre (13th Dec to 25th Jan – box office 0181 940 0088).

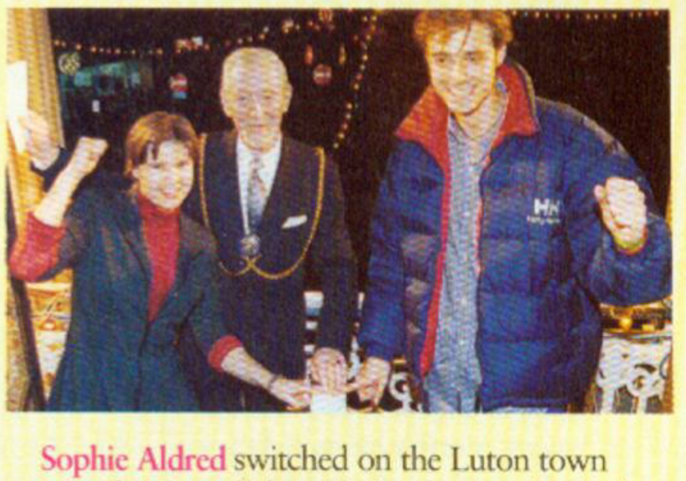


Photo courtesy of Luton Borough Council

Sophie Aldred switched on the Luton town centre Christmas lights, joining forces with rival Saturday morning children's presenter Jamie Theakston (*Live and Kicking*) on 17th November.

Dominic May

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Out of the TARDIS!

Sylvester McCoy played the Seventh Doctor for the series' last three years on BBC television in the 1980s, and briefly reprised the role in the 1996 TV Movie. **DWM** visited the Doctor's longest-serving incarnation to present him with perhaps an even greater challenge – the TARDIS tin . . .

It's a wet and windy day, and Sylvester McCoy has got the most terrible cold. We're sat in a tiny café in London's Camden Town; it's got a faulty door that stays open each time somebody walks through it, blasting cold air over us every couple of minutes. Despite all this, Sylvester's demeanour is never anything other than ebullient. He actually selects twenty-two questions: "Who was your first best friend?", however, provokes only long pauses. Sylvester wracks his admittedly appalling memory; all he can come up with is, "I could say Danny Sweeney but only because it's a nice name. There must have been someone, but I can't remember their names!"

SYLV
DWM #247

Meanwhile, the poser "If you could swap places with a member of the opposite sex for a day, who would you be?" incites only a mention of Mother Teresa, swiftly dismissed – "I disapprove of her connection with the Catholic church" – but Sylvester is determined to come up with a satisfactory answer. As we leave the café, our interview complete, and head for the Tube, Sylvester becomes desperate, and turns the question round to me. Having thought this through before, I immediately nominate Glenda Jackson, both for her politics and her stage success. "That's exactly who I should have said," he growls. "You were reading my mind, blocking me from thinking of her name. I'd be Glenda Jackson!" But as for those twenty questions that he could come up with answers for . . .

Centre: One of the daring exploits from the 1972 show *An Evening with 'Sylveste McCoy' – the Human Bomb.*

Far right: The modern-day Sylvester McCoy in more traditional pose, during BSB's *Doctor Who* weekend in 1993.

Have you ever seen a ghost?

I haven't seen one, but I've been aware of one. I was on stage at the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, which was founded in the sixties – it was one of the first of the 'new' theatres to be built by local government. Anyway, the guy who built it was killed in a car crash. I was playing in a restoration comedy with Ian Reddington, who was the Chief Clown in *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*. He was on my left, and we were on an otherwise empty stage, acting away, when I felt this hand press down on my shoulder. I thought Ian was up to something, and I turned round. But it was impossible for Ian to have touched me – he was simply too far away at that moment. So I thought, "My God, it's a ghost." Whether it was a ghost of a director saying, "Pull back, you're over the top," or "Well done," I'll never know.

There was another time when I was in Stratford East – they've got a ghost down there. I felt the same thing happen to me there, a hand gently touching my shoulder.

Where would you most like to have a picnic?

There's an island off the west of Scotland called Corrancie, which I visited at Christmas when I was fourteen. It was a magical place, a big dilapidated house with black swans. You could cycle round the island in an hour. It had its own little mountain and a beach with golden sand. To the west, there was a graveyard where lots of dead sailors were buried; it was the first coastline you'd hit if you were a body being washed in from the Atlantic. It was an extraordinary place, you could sit on top of the little mountain and see everything all around you. I've always wanted to go back there, but I never have. Maybe I shouldn't because it'll probably have changed. Great place for a picnic.

What is your most treasured possession?

Well, that's a difficult one. I immediately think of my sons, but they're not really 'possessions', they're just my most treasured things in life. To think of them as possessions is very Victorian. How do you define that word, though? What would I miss most if I were on a desert island? My glasses! Yes, I can't see without them. That's the materialistic answer, anyway.

What is your favourite item of clothing?

Jumpers. Pullovers. I just like to be warm and cosy and . . . collapsible!

What was your favourite toy as a child?

There was something I got when I was living in Dublin. A really cheap little furry toy – I think its insides were made out of a plastic tube. I remember falling totally in love with it and being really upset when it fell to bits because it was dead. I had electric train-sets and things, but I didn't have a teddy bear until I was eight or nine. I remember my mother asking me what I would like and I took her to one side and whispered in her ear that I really wanted a teddy. I had to whisper because I was too ashamed. I didn't think eight year-olds ought to be asking for teddy bears.

Is Elvis still alive?

In everyone's hearts! No, of course he's not, poor bugger.

DWM #247
SYLV

Did you ever suck your thumb?

No, I didn't. I sucked my two middle fingers and because of that I have buck teeth at the front. I sucked them for quite a long time. I've got this photograph of me as a boy. It was taken in Northern Ireland. They said they were going to take this photo of me, so would I please stop sucking my fingers? Of course, I said "no". They kept on saying that they couldn't take this photograph of me if I was sucking my fingers. I said I wasn't going to stop, and I covered up my eyes. I thought if I couldn't see them, they couldn't see me! Wonderful logic. So now I've got this photo of me, a little blond boy in a kilt, sucking my fingers, covering my eyes. Everyone thought it was very sweet, and the picture got shown everywhere.

What's the worst song you ever heard?

Rap songs, especially the ones that encourage violence and sex. Some are so sexist. I'm not offended by obscenity, swear words, things like that. What offends me is the type of behaviour put forward in those songs. I can't name any in particular.

Have you ever asked for an autograph?

Yes, I have, actually. Edward Woodward, but it wasn't for me. And I did that terrible thing of saying, "Oh, this isn't for me, it's for my best friend!" When people do that to me, I think "Oh, how can you be so crass?" I should have pretended it was for me. If anyone asks me for an autograph, please don't say it's for your granny.

Where is the worst place that you have ever stayed a night?

I had some digs in Manchester that were pretty bad. The bedroom had strip lighting and crackly nylon sheets. It was horrible, really depressing. Cold, miserable and horrid. I know I've also slept in my car if I've got locked out.

When I was working in Malaysia, we were put up in a really rough hotel. The other actors got upset, but I rather enjoyed it because it was so unusual. I slept in the Arctic once, in a bunk house, but that was an adventure more than anything. Sometimes the worst places can be those which are really comfortable but full of horrid people.

Did you have a childhood hero?

My dad, because he died a month before I was born. He'd been in the war, and had lots of medals. I used to wear them, and fantasise about how he won the war singlehanded. I remember when I came down to London I decided to find out more about him. I was prepared to find out things that I wouldn't like, but no one had a bad word to say about him.

Have we been visited by aliens yet?

Well, I'm quite prepared to believe it's possible. I'm agnostic about it, but if someone came along with proof I wouldn't be surprised. There are those temples in South America . . . I think it's mathematically possible that there are other forms of life in the universe. There has to be, really.

What's your favourite meal?

Well, at the moment, it's not beef! My wife is Dutch and she learned to cook *cordon bleu*. She cooks extraordinary, wonderful meals, but one day I said, "Do you know what I'd really like? Bangers and mash." That traditional English meal. And she said that was all right, went away, made it and presented it to me. But she'd made it Argentine style, full of spices and

The TARDIS tin contains fifty soul-searching, bizarre and downright trivial questions. Each celebrity must answer twenty randomly selected queries . . .

beans and globulous things and it was absolutely delicious. That's my favourite meal.

Do you like your own name?

Yes I do. Why don't I use it? Well, because I didn't like it originally. As a child, I thought my name was 'Kent Smith' – first name Kent – and that stuck. My family call me Kent, my friends call me Kent. But when I was about nine I had to fill in a form for an exam or something, and the teacher told me to go home and find out if I had any middle names. And I discovered that not only did I have middle names but that my real name was Percy James Patrick Kent hyphen Smith, which in a Scottish town wasn't a great name to have. Back in school I stood up when it was my turn to say my name and just cried. I had to be taken out and secretly tell them my name. I was always embarrassed by that, so when I came to England, I was called Kent Smith. But I didn't keep it as an acting name because Kent Smith seemed to suggest too square-jawed, too heroic a character. I never saw myself as one of those. Years later I was doing a pantomime in the middle of winter and these two old ladies came backstage. They were actually related to me – distant cousins of some sort – and they were called Kent-Smith; two little Cockney sparrows, seventy-odd years old, and one would start a sentence and the other would finish it. And I asked them how we had this double-barrelled name. I imagined it was some terrible piece of snobbery but they told me this lovely story. They explained that in Ireland, way back in the last century, there were these two boys: one was called, say, Paddy Smith, the other Seamus Kent. Anyway, the only way out of this little village where they lived was to join the army. They wanted to stay together, but the only way to join the same regiment was to pretend to be brothers, so they went along to the recruitment office. "I'm Paddy Kent-Smith," said one, "and this is my brother, Seamus Kent-Smith." And that's where the name came from. So I love it now.

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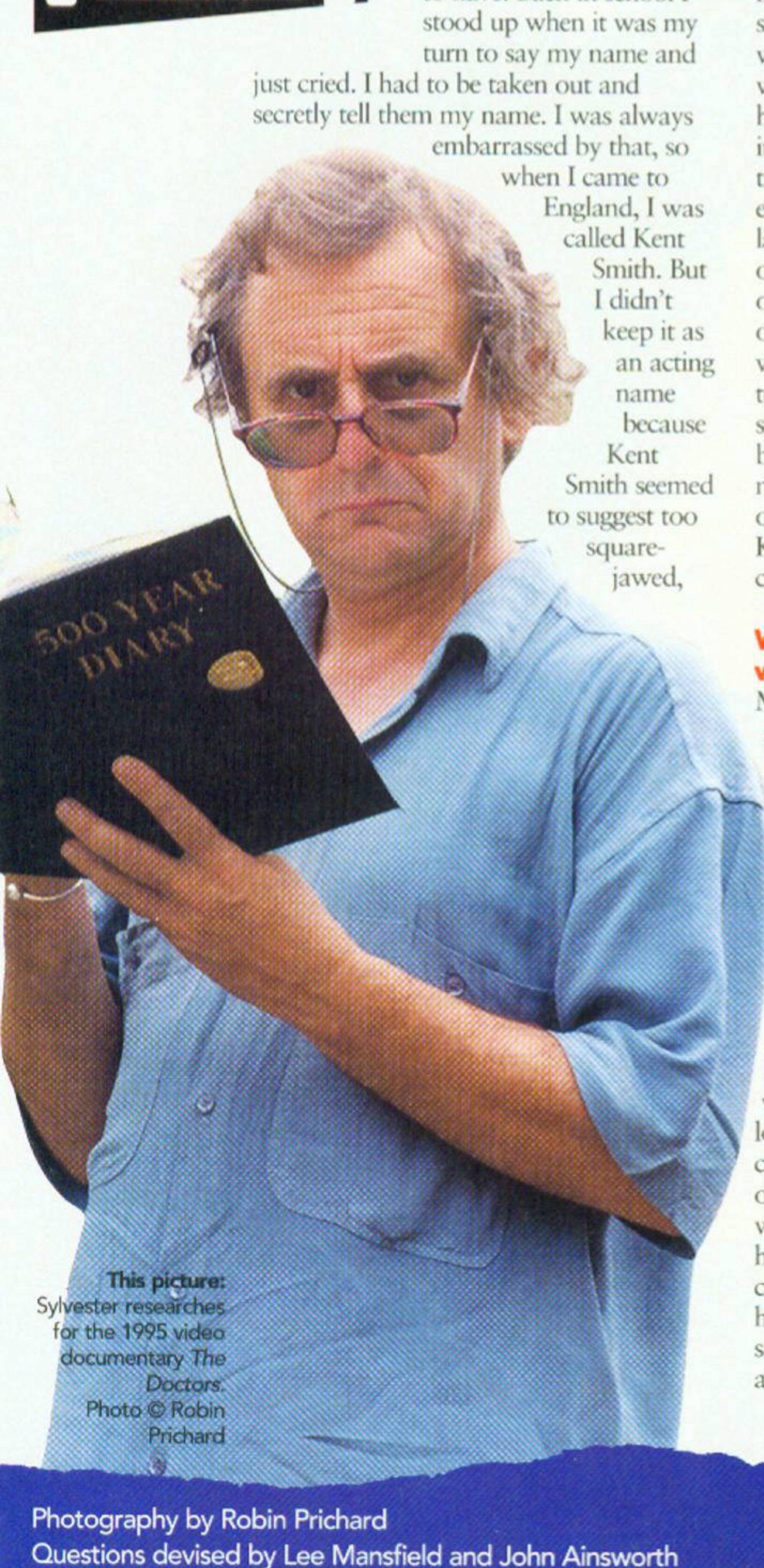


This picture: Sylvester researches for the 1995 video documentary *The Doctors*. Photo © Robin Prichard

What items do you always carry with you?

My glasses. Keys and a wallet. No talismans or keepsakes.

Who would you most like to meet?

Nelson Mandela. I think he's a modern-day saint. A very human being, full of weaknesses and everything but what he's done for South Africa is extraordinary. I mean, he could have come out of jail, he could have won and there could have been a bloodbath. But he's managed, with great wisdom. He had every reason to give up. The white South Africans, the rulers, were loathsome creatures, absolutely racist, and created something which was utterly obnoxious and appalling. And this man, who has suffered under that despite having the moral backing of the world, could have just come out of jail and taken his revenge but he didn't. He's shown us so much tolerance. I'd love to meet him, and shake his hand. He's like Gandhi, another man who showed you could topple an empire by peaceful means.

Were you well behaved at school?

Yes and no. I was always being sent out of the classroom for talking and cracking jokes. I was never aggressive. That was at secondary school. When I was training for the priesthood, I got housemaid's knee from praying because I was so good.

What book are you reading at the moment?

Snow Falling on Cedars by someone whose name I've already forgotten. I think I've got mad cow disease. I even forgot my wife's name. Now I don't bother trying to remember her name, because I'll only go through agonies trying to get it right. Anyway, the book is very good. It's about a murder and it's set on an island off Seattle. It's very well-written.

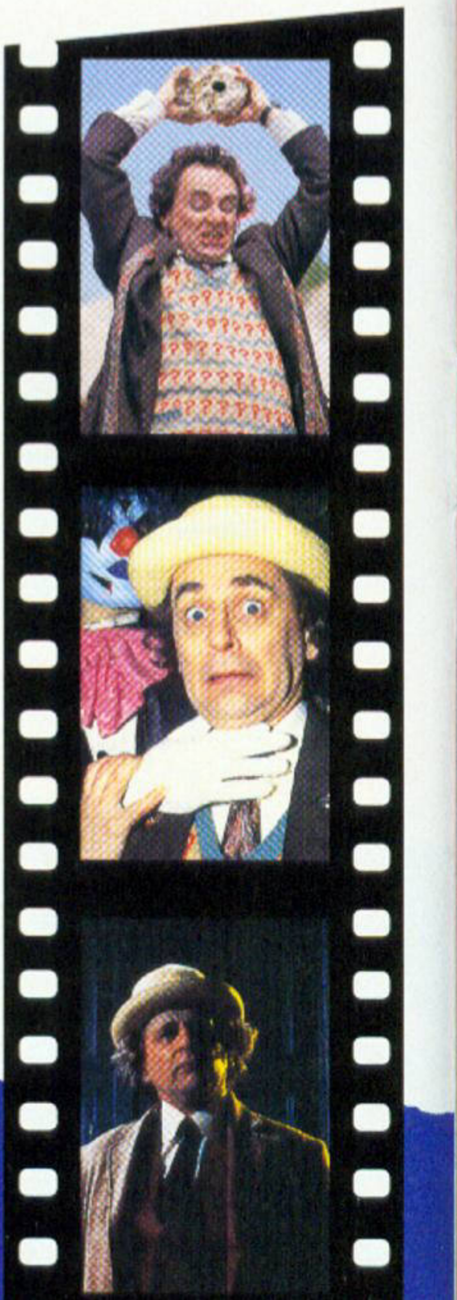
Do you remember your first fan letter?

No, sadly. I imagine it would have been when I was in the Ken Campbell Roadshow. I can remember the very first time someone pointed me out as being entertaining, however. I went to London when I was 14, and the Twist had just hit Britain. I got the *Evening Standard* and it showed you how to do the Twist. I got the LP, *Let's Twist Again* by Chubby Checker, and then went back to my home town of Dunoon and taught people how to do it. It caught on really quickly in this tiny little island town. It was happening in Dunoon before it hit Glasgow! I became known as 'the Twist King of Dunoon' because of it. I was sitting on top of a bus once and this little boy behind me said, "Look, there's Kent Smith, he's the Twist King of Dunoon." So that wasn't really my first fan letter, but was probably my first fan.

What was the most frightening film you've ever seen?

It was the first horror film I ever saw. *The Beast with Five Fingers*. I remember watching it in the Dunoon cinema, through the buttonhole of my raincoat because it was the only way I could bear to watch it. It scared the hell out of me!

Sylvester McCoy



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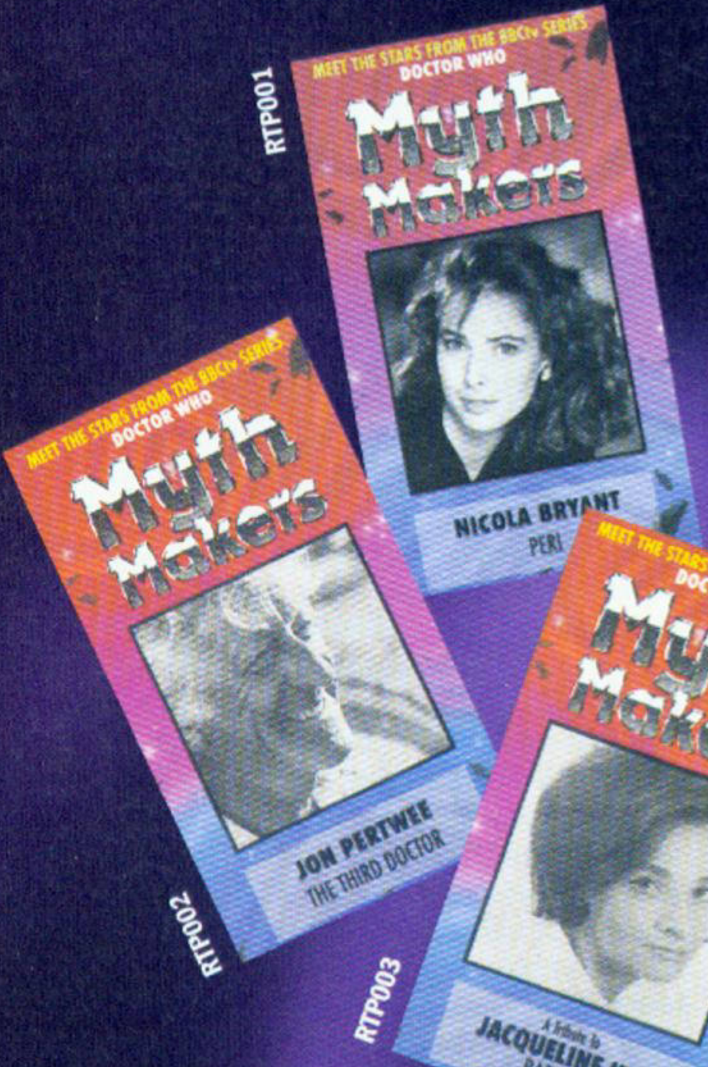
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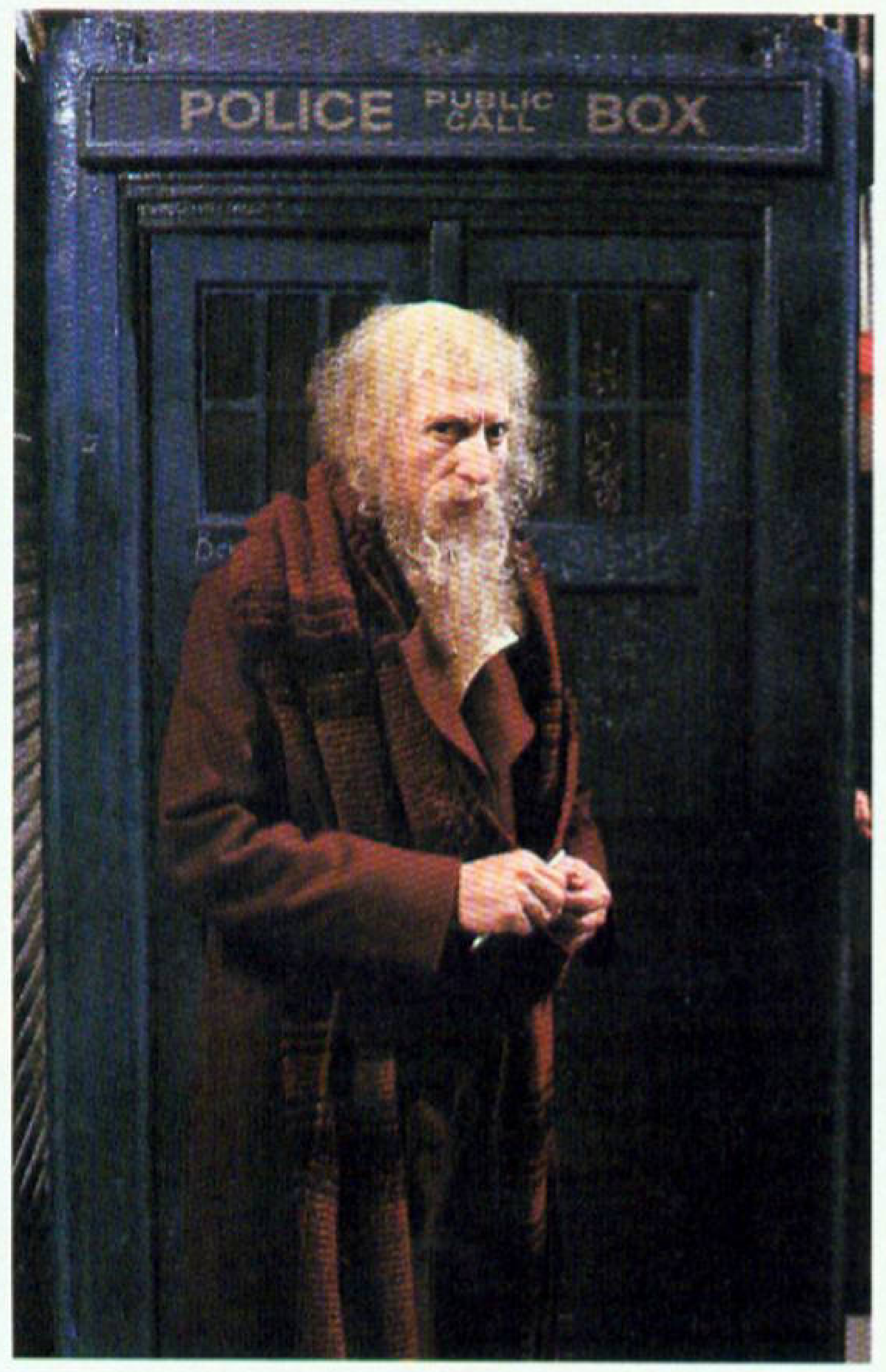
Shelf Life

A novel that harks at Judge Dredd;
Scripts with lines best left unsaid;
Is the calendar classy?
The tape with Foamasi?
Let's see what's in **Dave Owen**'s head . . .



I'm sorry I'm not able to bring you a review of Jim Mortimore's *Eternity Weeps* this month, but unfortunately Virgin haven't been able to supply a manuscript early enough to match up with **DWM**'s exacting production schedules. Have no fear, *New Adventures* fans; this is no *So Vile a Sin* situation, and we'll take a look at *Eternity Weeps* next month. Cheer up, though! BBC Video are back on the scene . . .

THE LEISURE HIVE

I celebrate the return of *Doctor Who* releases on video, not simply for obvious acquisitive reasons, but because an externally-dictated viewing schedule often forces me to re-evaluate stories about which I thought I had already made up my mind, and which would have remained unwatched for, I dare say, many more years to come. One such example is *The Leisure Hive* (BBCV5821), which I had mentally filed as: "Ground-breaking, stylish, humourless, dull. Ignore." How very foolish.

This is a milestone in *Doctor Who*'s history, marking a radical overhaul of both the series' aims and its methods in achieving them. In the years immediately prior to 1980, the series had thrived on the sheer gusto of its leading players. Safe in the knowledge that it was a mature television institution, it basked in the fond acceptance of the millions of happy viewers it knowingly winked at. It could have successfully carried on like this for years, but for an incoming production team whose agenda, I wrongly assumed, centred on removing the witty and tongue-in-cheek.

Looking at the story again, sixteen years later, one might even suggest that, a year after visiting the Louvre, *Doctor Who* had become a work of art in itself. Images occupy the screen which have nothing whatsoever to do with telling the story, and indeed are so distracting that multiple viewings are necessary for the narrative to rise above these tableaux. However, this story can withstand such repeated scrutiny like no other – its most memorable scenes being the electronically enhanced model shots of the eponymous hive swirling in a beautiful radioactive dust. Peter Howell's complex electronic score, by turns majestic, dignified and moving, would never be bettered.

Perhaps in 1980 I was so overwhelmed by the modern technology deployed in the story's production, all polyphonic synthesisers and Quantel video processors, that I completely failed to notice the debt that this story owes the past. The setting, Argolis, is peopled by a race who evoke classical terrestrial civilisations; here, warriors and philosophers stand side-by-side. Argolis is just a shuttle ride away from an Earth we only see fleetingly by videophone – exactly like the space station in Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* – and this future Earth is described only obliquely, making it all the more tantalising. I don't think it's at all pretentious to refer to director Lovett Bickford in the same breath as Kubrick; their science fiction techniques have much in common. Beautiful music substitutes dialogue for minutes on end, and Bickford employs the camera cleverly, using both creeping handheld close-ups and non-literal images (such as the fade from the surface of Argolis to an indoor spotlight to represent dawn on the planet). The overall effect is to never let the viewer forget that he is seeing the events of the story through someone else's eyes.

All style and no substance? No, not really. It's just that the plot and the performances are easily the last aspects of *The Leisure Hive* to make an impression, and both are in a rather more traditional *Doctor Who* vein. David Fisher's script has corridors and creeping monsters aplenty, and it's easy to guess who the good and bad guys are by how much humanity they exhibit. Tom Baker, having toned down his gloriously OTT mugging of Season Seventeen, turns in a reflective, sometimes sombre performance; the distinguished cast includes Adrienne Corri and Laurence Payne. It's almost impossible to believe that Argolin warlord Pangol was played with such chilling efficiency by the same David Haig who now leads the CID in *The Thin Blue Line*.

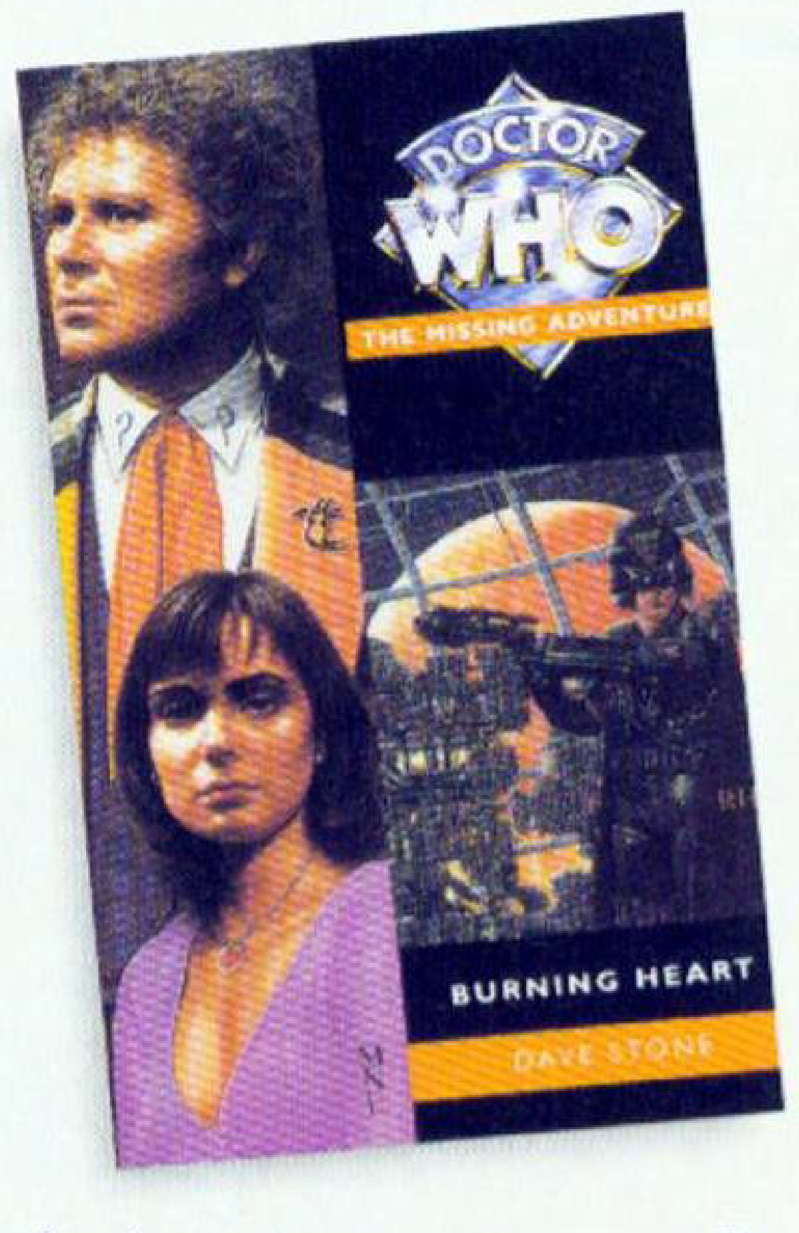
All style and no substance? No, not really.

The Leisure Hive is a perfect candidate for video release simply because it stands up to viewing after viewing after viewing. Sadly, having overspent on this serial, Lovett Bickford would never direct for the series again. Unforgivable.

BURNING HEART

By interweaving the events and settings of the *New* and *Missing Adventures*, Virgin have created two series of books that are far more rewarding to those who loyally follow them all instead of just dipping in occasionally. The unfortunate caveat to this is that a missing link in the chain can affect more than just its successor, and *So Vile A Sin* makes its absence felt again this month by denying a proper context to Dave Stone's debut *Missing Adventure*, *Burning Heart* (ISBN 0 426 20498 0).

Burning Heart is the work of an author with a formidable imagination.



Featuring the Sixth Doctor and Peri, the book is set a couple of centuries after the time of Cwej and Forrester. The Earth Empire is withdrawing, and a new dark age beckons as the once-noble Order of Adjudicators allows occult superstitions to overwhelm it, gradually becoming a religious cult. The events take place against the dark background of the Habitat, a remote spaceport where humans and aliens mingle uneasily. I have read very little *Judge Dredd*, but just enough to recognise much of Mega-City One in the Habitat. It is policed ruthlessly; civil disobedience is quelled by faceless, armoured Adjudicators aboard intimidating riot vehicles.

These scripts expect us to know the Doctor inside out after the first few acts.

Judge Dredd was, of course, a comic strip before becoming both a film and a series of novels, and I found myself visualising *Burning Heart* in the same medium. Appropriately enough, therefore, when the Doctor has a dream within a self-induced coma, what should appear but a talking penguin just like Frobisher, who accompanied the Sixth Doctor in his *Doctor Who Magazine* strip adventures. When he wakes up, he makes another equally improbable friend, a timid giant caterpillar with an unbelievably circumlocutious vocabulary. Queegvogel is an essential *Doctor Who* character – utterly outlandish but expounded credibly. Thus the book will satisfy equally hard-nosed SF buffs (who will like all the gadgets, guns and explosions) and liberal-minded followers of fantasy (who get a talking caterpillar and a woman transformed into an angel). *Doctor Who* must appeal to a diverse audience if it is to survive; if it can do so within a single volume, as here, then all the better.

Burning Heart is in many ways far more restrained than the author's two *New Adventures*, with less of the wild, self-indulgent comedy which made them so distinctive. The Dave Stone trademarks that survive include extravagant speech patterns, no modesty whatsoever about bodily functions, and passages that seem disturbingly out-of-place until one realises they are deliberate references to other works or institutions. The best of these are a few digs at the Universal/BBC TV movie, and the oddest the inclusion of Mimsey-World, a decaying theme park built to celebrate the work of 20th-century filmmaker Ralph Mimsey. This seems to be no more than a device to get Peri into a tight-fitting leather suit. (A shoehorn would have done.)

Dave adds some intelligent insight to the dynamics of the Doctor and Peri's stormy relationship, but these slower passages give way to unremitting action as the book progresses, with a corresponding drop in interest. At least the book has the good grace to stop at 250 pages, exactly the right length. Institutional cannibalism and routine executions place *Burning Heart* in the same mould as televised Sixth Doctor stories like *Vengeance on Varos* or *Revelation of the Daleks*, but the comically insane religious dictators running the show soften the horror, and make it slightly reminiscent of the *New Adventure St Anthony's Fire*.

Burning Heart is the work of an author with a formidable imagination working at a more leisurely pace than usual, which will please those who found *Sky Pirates!* or *Death and Diplomacy* too over-the-top. It's nonetheless very lively.

THE NTH DOCTOR

Doctor Who is a legend. Legends are told and retold over the years, often by many different tellers, reducing some parts in importance, and embellishing others. Eventually the legend contradicts itself; the Christian gospels, for example, tell slightly differernt stories, and it is up to the individual believer to reconcile what they find. Fair enough.

Doctor Who enthusiasts have been, I feel, rather less detatched, exhibiting an evangelical zeal when it comes to developing a universal theory of the Doctor. Lance Parkin's *A History of the Universe* got away with it by being slightly tongue-in-cheek; the sole redeeming feature of Jean-Marc Lofficer's *The Nth Doctor* (ISBN 0 4626 20499 9), however, is that it contains complete and detailed story synopses of seven unproduced *Doctor Who* features, all intended to relaunch the series on the large or small screen at some time during the Eighties. The plots themselves are book-ended by sections describing both how they came to be written and why they went unproduced.

Burning Heart
by Dave Stone

The Doctor leant against a steel piling with two crossbars bolted to the edge of the walkway and watched Peri as she stalked off, noting with approval that the anger he had instilled in her had countered and overridden the severe culture shock that might have threatened to tear her mind apart.

Hopefully, it would protect her for a little while yet.

"Like a little clockwork terrier," he mused. "Prime her, wind her up and watch her go." Then he frowned. "I hope I didn't wind her up too tight."

He shrugged and wandered off. He had better things to do.

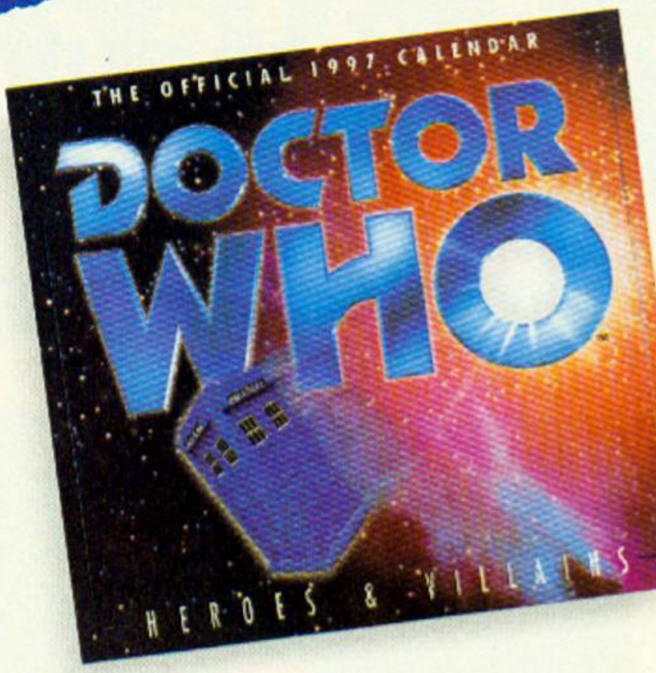
There are questionnaire-style interviews, too, with most of the writers, whose screenplays largely ignore the second word of the series' title, and attempt to cram in as much insight into the motivation and personal history of the Doctor as possible. Gallifrey features strongly in many of the scripts; the shock I experienced upon seeing Paul McGann's Doctor staggering around San Francisco telling the innermost secrets of his life to anyone who would listen, is as naught compared to my potential reaction had any of *these* stories been made – Borusa the Doctor's grandfather! The Master the Doctor's brother!

While the basic remit of most of the scripts was to introduce the series to a new and unfamilar audience, they all seem to go about it, quite literally, the wrong way round. 1963's *An Unearthbhly Child* made sure its viewers were familar with and sympathetic to Ian and Barbara long before the mysterious Doctor came on the scene. It showed the recognisable Police Box before the incredible control room; it showed the ordinary world before transporting us to the extraordinary one. These scripts expect us to know the Doctor inside out after the first few acts, leaving his human friends relatively thin characters.

DOCTOR WHO
THE Nth DOCTOR
An in-depth study of the films that almost were
JEAN-MARC LOFFICIER

Different goals drove Adrian Rigelsford's *The Dark Dimension*, which would have left a new audience baffled and alienated by its revelling in established *Doctor Who* lore. It's clever, but extremely unlikely to have widened the series' appeal as the other scripts were intended to.

The fun of these scripts is working out how well or otherwise they sit alongside the



established *Doctor Who* legend. Unfortunately Jean-Marc spoils this pleasure by doing it himself; his footnotes are by far the least scholarly commentary that Virgin has ever published. Not only does he, rather pointlessly, chart accidental similarities between new events and those in televised *Doctor Who* stories, he even feels a need to stress that the "dominion of Gallifrey" predates the use of the word "dominion" in the series *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. I found this hysterically funny.

Slow Dazzle Worldwide have lived up to their name.

This is a shoddy and incomplete commentary that made me want to scribble "What have you missed?" and "Please show your working" in the margins. Worse still is the author's insistence on attempting to reconcile these new scripts with broadcast *Doctor Who* at any cost. Why bother? These productions were meant for a new audience, and would, to all intents and purposes, have launched an entirely new series. To cap it all, Jean-Marc attempts to reconcile these unproduced scripts not only with the broadcast *Doctor Who* TV Movie, but also with each other! Why? *Why?*

This could have been a lovely large-format book, with production sketches, longer script excerpts, more interviews with *Doctor Who*'s potential saviours, and photographs of considered actors. Instead, it is a quick and cheap cash-in that simply fuels my belief that knowledge of *Doctor Who* should never be confused with authority on the subject.

THE 1997 CALENDAR – HEROES AND VILLAINS

Slow Dazzle Worldwide have lived up to their name. A year after their first calendar – a selection of poorly-captured reproductions of *Doctor Who Radio Times* covers – they have yet to dazzle me with the quality of their merchandise. At least their new 12" x 12" calendar boasts some more attractive images, mostly striking pictures of all eight Doctors and their most popular adversaries; my favourite being the already familiar shot of Paul McGann perching on the TARDIS console.

A calendar usually needs little more than a note of UK bank holidays, but this studiously documents various *Doctor Who* firsts (I note with interest that the Cybermats first appeared on 2nd September 1967 in Episode 1 of *The Tomb of the Cybermats*, apparently). Reassuringly, the calendar also proclaims the date on which each forthcoming issue of *Doctor Who Magazine* will be on sale.

Each copy of the calendar is accompanied by one of three cassette tape interviews with either Jon Pertwee, "Liz" Sladen, or Peter "Davidson" under the umbrella title *The Secrets of Doctor Who*. It's a shameless marketing ploy to persuade purchasers to buy three copies of the calendar in order to learn what exclusives the interviewees may reveal. Do not be tempted – there is nothing new here that cannot be gleaned from previously published interviews. I took a rapid dislike to the booming, pompous interviewer who fawns all over Elisabeth Sladen, laughing artificially at her smallest joke; he's rather more bold when tackling Peter Davison, confidently labelling his own favourites "cracking stories" and leaving Davison with little choice but to agree. The interview with Jon Pertwee is, quite simply, below release standard, both technically and in terms of content. A disclaimer beforehand attempts to justify this, claiming it to be his last recorded interview (I'm sceptical, since it clearly took place before the broadcast of *The Ghosts of N-Space*).

It's a nice enough calendar, but I am not overwhelmed by either the competence or integrity of Slow Dazzle Worldwide. Go for the Sladen or "Davidson" tape if you can.◆

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The Celestial Toymaker's

Game of the Year! '96

A frantic race through 1996 for 2 to 4 players, ages 5 and up!

Clockwise from top: Paul McGann at his top-secret photocall as the Doctor in January; Dallas Slade, heroine of the Longleat *Doctor Who* Exhibition fire; Eric Roberts as the Master; Paul McGann as the Doctor.

In years gone by, DWM would traditionally take a few moments, and pages, in its final issue of the year to look back at the events of the previous twelve months, and take a cautious look into the future to see what the coming year would hold for our hero.

Sadly, in the nineties, with a new series never guaranteed, and rumours flying in all directions, such speculation is now a full time enterprise for *Doctor Who* fans, as we guess and second-guess the likely actions and motives of the BBC and assorted ancillary organisations; in fact, the opening section of this very issue is given over to the conclusion of our own, we hope, informed look into the future.

This year, then, our retrospective takes a rather different form. Taking our lead from those marvellous World Distributors *Doctor Who* annuals of the sixties, seventies and (a little bit of) the eighties, we're offering you added value this issue by providing a special boardgame to help you (and some like-minded friends) while away the long hours of Boxing Day when all the After Eights are finished. (If you think we're being self-indulgent and frivolous, just be thankful we haven't provided an *A to Z of Space* and a crossword where the only *Doctor Who*-related answers are 'Tardis' and 'Jo'.)

Playing the game couldn't be more straightforward. Over the page are a set of playing counters; each a different, gorgeous *Doctor Who* logo (we hope you'll fight over who gets their favourite design – like trying to get the dog in Monopoly.) Cut out and stick each of them to a piece of card (the torn-off cover of the *Doctor Who* filofax insert, for example), along with the six-sided 'spinner' we've thoughtfully provided in case the die has gone missing from your game of Cluedo as well. Stick a short, sharp pencil through the centre of the spinner and, hey presto: a random number generator good enough to navigate you out of E-space!

Spin to decide the order of play, and then race around the hectic emotional roller-coaster that was 1996, following the instructions on special squares where necessary. One of the factors that will influence your progress through the year is the quality of each month's *New Adventure*. As a measure of this, and as a sop to those of you who think we should provide easy-to-follow ratings in *Shelf Life*, Dave Owen has given each book an 'Owen Factor' between -3 and +3. If you land on the release date of a thrilling Virgin adventure, then you must move the number of places dictated by this factor; symbolising how many steps forward or backward each book has taken the subtle art of *Doctor Who* fiction writing (in Dave's opinion!)

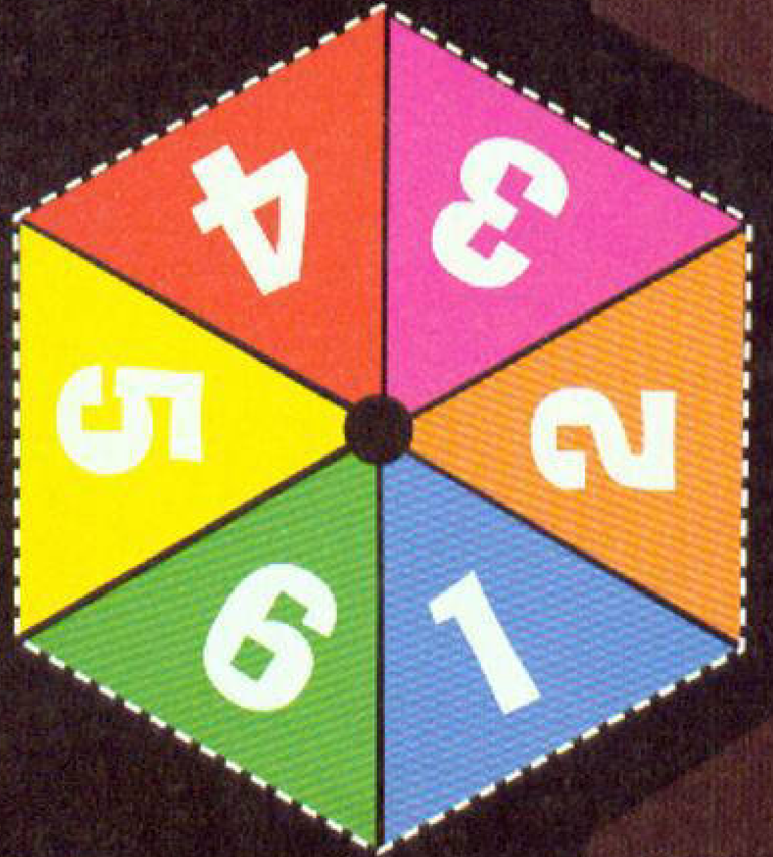
The first one to the Toymaker is the winner, but you must spin the exact number to finish. You'll have to decide a winner's prize for yourselves – in the office we play for the chance to watch *K9 and Company*, but I'm sure you can think up an appropriate treat of equal value.

And when you're all relaxed, happy and elbow-deep in nostalgia after finishing our little game, pour yourself a glass of lemonade and take a few moments to fill in your survey form on page 22. It'll almost be as much fun as playing the game again!

►

Game of the Year!

Cut out and stick each of these counters to a piece of stiff card, along with the six-sided 'spinner'. Stick a short, sharp pencil through the centre of the spinner . . . and you're off!



Start!

Jan 1st
Begin the year with mild concern about the future of *Doctor Who* . . .

Jan 8
Paul McGann taken to Longleat for secret photo session.
Miss a turn because the story didn't leak to fans.

Jan 10
BBC issues press release confirming casting of new Doctor.
Spin again in breathless excitement.

Jan 18
Book: *Shakedown*
Owen factor:
– 1

Jan 20
First episode of *The Ghosts of N-Space* is broadcast.
Miss a turn as you forget to record it and have to buy the tape.

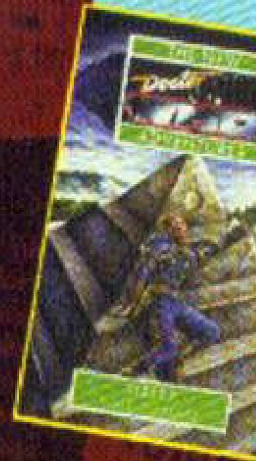
Feb 5
Video: *The Hand of Fear*
Miss two turns as you write to the BBC demanding to know why future releases have been suspended.

Hi from Vancouver!

Feb 14
DWM visits the set of the TV Movie in Vancouver.
Move forward two spaces to avoid the same BBC press pack interviews that are reprinted in all other magazines.

Feb 15
Book: *Warchild*
Owen factor:
– 1

Mar 21
Book: *Sleepy*
Owen factor:
+ 1



Apr 1
Marvel Comics relocate to Tunbridge Wells.
Add one to all future spins as you revel in your new country life.

Greetings from The Pantiles

Apr 18
Book:
Death and Diplomacy
Owen factor:
+ 1

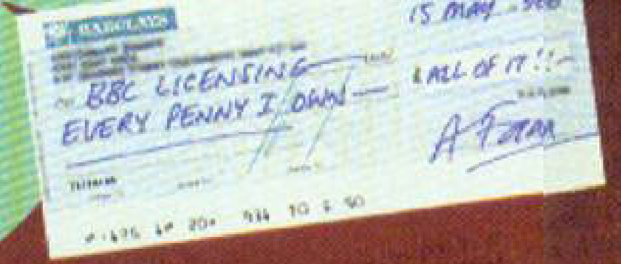
May 13
BAFTA UK premiere of TV Movie.
Miss a turn giving standing ovation (unless you are Terrance Dicks or Barry Letts).

May 14th
US transmission of TV Movie.
US players: move forward one space for each time you've watched it since then.

May 15th
Pop along to Woolworths to buy the video of the movie.
Go home again because certification problems have delayed it. Miss a turn.

May 15th
Book:
Doctor Who – The Novel of the Film
Owen factor:
+ 1

Breathing space
Negotiate an overdraft with Bank Manager to buy all the new merchandise.


BARCLAYS
15 May 1996
BBC LICENSING
EVERY PENNY I OWN
ALL OF IT!!

May 16th
Book: *Happy Endings*
Owen factor:
– 2

May 21st
Pop along to HMV at midnight to buy a video of the movie.
Success! Move forward two spaces and admire your rare Geoff Sax autograph.

Radio Times
Doctor Who the movie
16-page Time Lord souvenir inside

May 27th
TV Movie shown on BBC1.
Move forward one space for each million viewers (that's nine).

June
Virgin Books told that its *Doctor Who* licence will not be renewed.
Go back four as you realise your planned submission is wasted.

June
BBC Books announce their plans to publish monthly *Doctor Who* novels.
Go forward three as you re-address your submission.

June 20th
Book: *GodEngine*
Owen factor:
– 3

July 4th
DWM kills off Ace in the comic strip *Ground Zero*.
Miss a turn as a needless debate about 'canonicity' stops you enjoying the story.

July 18th
Book:
Christmas on a Rational Planet
Owen factor:
– 2

Aug 1st
Class 4G say they love *Doctor Who* in all its forms.
Roll again in joy that a new generation has such good taste.

August 15th
Book:
Return of the Living Dad
Owen factor:
– 1

Aug 18th
Tom Baker makes rare public appearance at Longleat.
Miss two turns as you waste weeks trying to book him for your convention.

Aug 29th
Virgin announce that the *New Adventures* will continue with Bernice.
Move forward one if you like her, or are a Virgin author.

Sep 15
K9 starts fire and wrecks Longleat exhibition.
Miss a turn as you wipe soot off the Tractators.

Sep 19th
Book: *The Death of Art*
Owen factor:
+ 1

Oct 5th
PanoptiCon '96.
Move forward five spaces if you subscribed to DWM; back five if you didn't.

Oct 7th
The Green Death released on video.
Move forward two as you reflect on what a great Doctor Jon Pertwee was.

Oct 17th
Book: *Damaged Gooods*
Owen factor:
+ 3

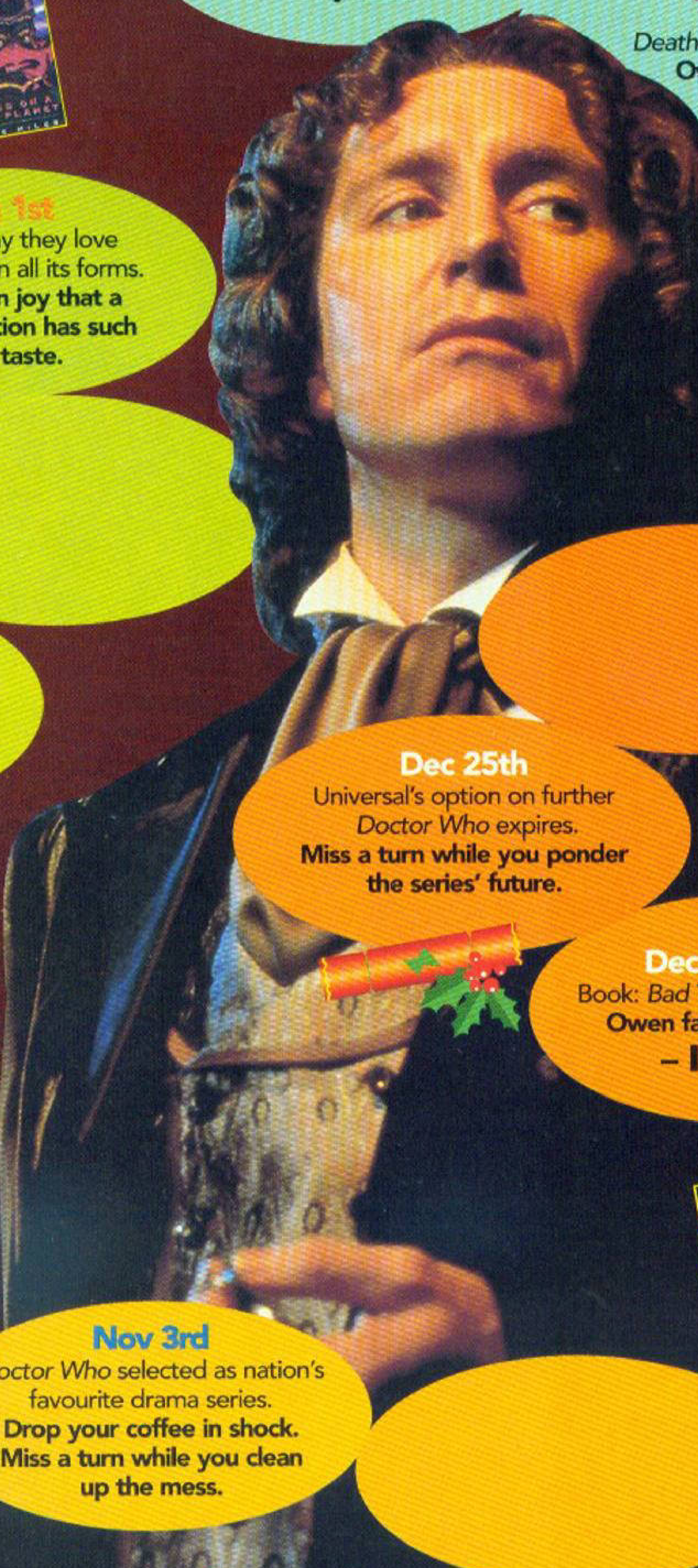
Nov 3rd
Doctor Who selected as nation's favourite drama series.
Drop your coffee in shock. Miss a turn while you clean up the mess.

Nov 21st
So Vile a Sin isn't published by Virgin.
Go back to start because the author's hard-drive has crashed (or something).

Dec 5th
Book: *Bad Therapy*
Owen factor:
– 1

Dec 8th
The DWM Christmas party turns out to be the event of the season.
Miss a turn as you recover from the sheer thrill of it all.

Dec 25th
Universal's option on further *Doctor Who* expires.
Miss a turn while you ponder the series' future.



DON'T FORGET! YOU MUST SPIN THE EXACT NUMBER TO FINISH!

Finish!

Dec 31st
End the year with mild concern about the future of *Doctor Who*, but with the certain knowledge that it's been a great year!

READERS' SURVEY 1997

It's been a hectic year in the world of *Doctor Who* – a year that began with formal confirmation of the casting of a new Doctor, ended with the series winning the BBC Favourite Popular Drama award, and filled the gap in between with the first new TV story since 1989, a radio serial, over thirty new books and a host of changes to a steadily evolving **Doctor Who Magazine**.

Here's your chance to tell us what you thought were the best bits of 1996, to suggest to BBC Video which stories you would like to see released next year, and to send us some feedback about **DWM** so we can make it even better.

Please fill in the form or a photocopy or, if you prefer, write out your choices on another sheet of paper. Feel free to include any notes or comment on any of the categories, or indeed any other aspect of the past year we can't cover here – we're always happy to hear your views, and we need some choice quotes to illustrate the results article!

Send your response to THANK YOU, THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW (or TYTWIWTK) at DWM, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ.

As an incentive (as if you could possibly need one!) we'll be awarding one of TWENTY subscriptions to the first readers whose forms are pulled out of Neska the office cat's basket on the closing date of 6th March.

That Paul McGann TV Movie

Please give ratings out of 10 (where 1=absolutely terrible and 10=never bettered) for each of the following aspects of the TV Movie:

Paul McGann ☐
Other perfomances ☐
Script ☐
Direction ☐
Set design ☐
Costume design ☐
Visual effects ☐

The best thing about the TV movie was . . .

The worst thing about the TV movie was . . .

Doctor Who (general)

Rather than asking you just to tell us your favourite monster or favourite serial, we want to know what you thought was *Doctor Who's* . . .

Best cliffhanger

Scariest moment

Funniest moment

Use extra paper if you want to explain the reasons for your choices!

Videos

Which currently unavailable story from each Doctor would you like to see released on video next?

First and Second Doctors

Choose from: *Inside the Spaceship, The Keys of Marinus, The Sensorites, The Space Museum, The Time Meddler, The Ark, The Gunfighters, The War Machines, The Seeds of Death* (unedited).

Third Doctor

Choose from: *The Ambassadors of Death, The Mind of Evil, Colony in Space, The Mutants, The Time Monster, Planet of the Daleks, The Time Warrior* (unedited), *Invasion of the Dinosaurs.*

Fourth Doctor

Choose from: *Revenge of the Cybermen* (unedited), *Terror of the Zygons* (unedited), *The Face of Evil, The Talons of Weng-Chiang* (unedited), *Horror of Fang Rock, The Invisible Enemy, The Sun Makers, Underworld, The Invasion of Time, The Creature from the Pit, Nightmare of Eden, The Horns of Nimon, Meglos, Full Circle, State of Decay, Warriors' Gate.*

Fifth Doctor

Choose from: *Four to Doomsday, Time-Flight, Planet of Fire.*

Sixth Doctor

Choose from: *Attack of the Cybermen, Timelash, Revelation of the Daleks.*

Seventh Doctor

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Choose from: 235 - 247, *Spring special, TV Movie special.*

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Fluid Links ☐
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The High Council ☐
Monitor/Watcher features ☐
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Shelf Life ☐
The Telesnap Archive ☐
Timelines ☐

Favourite special feature

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Favourite interview

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Favourite comic strip

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Books

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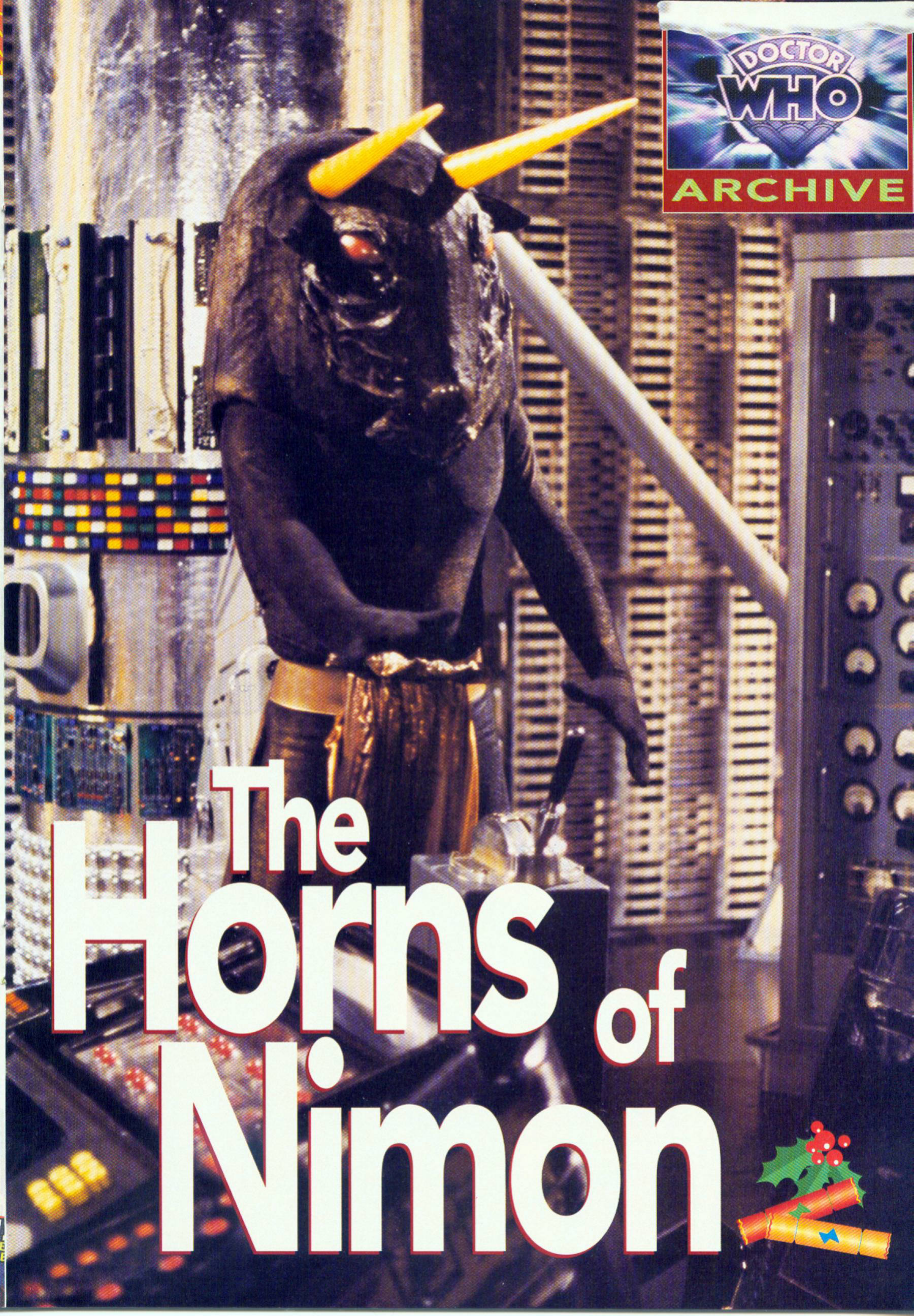

The Horns of Nimon

PART ONE (drn: 25'41")

An ageing spacecraft is making its final shipment between the planets Aneth and Skonnos. Its cargo is seven young people from Aneth, each with crystals of radioactive hymetusite; these comprise a tribute to the mysterious Nimon, a creature who has promised the belligerent Skonnans that, upon receipt of such 'tributes', he will grant them the technology that will restore their faded Empire to its former glory. The ship's over-eager co-pilot suggests a short-cut, but this causes an overload; the controls explode and the captain is killed.

The TARDIS hangs in a void in space. Inside, the Doctor has stripped down its dematerialisation circuit and defence shields in order to modify its conceptual geometer. Romana is aghast to find the TARDIS being dragged towards the drifting Skonnan ship; the Doctor extends the door defence shield so that they can enter the stricken vessel. The Doctor believes that the cause of the problem afflicting the spacecraft is a fixed gravity beam drawing in matter that will eventually be crushed to a singularity and form a black hole; already, gravity on the ship is increasing. Although held at gunpoint by the co-pilot, the Doctor and Romana work to convert the ship's engines to run off two of the hymetusite crystals using the TARDIS' gravitic anomoliser.

On Skonnos, the scientist Soldeed is told by Sorak, the guard captain, that the transport ship has vanished. Soldeed ventures into the Power Complex to inform the Lord Nimon – a huge bull-headed humanoid.

The Doctor returns to the TARDIS, intending to rematerialise in the Skonnan ship's hold, but the co-pilot refuses to wait – and fires the engines. The TARDIS becomes the centre of the gravity whirlpool; the Doctor and K9 see a massive asteroid headed directly towards them . . .

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PART TWO (drn: 25'00")

The Doctor causes the TARDIS to spin rapidly like a cricket ball and bounce off the impacting asteroid, propelling it out of the gravity whirlpool. After making repairs to the TARDIS, he sets the controls for Skonnos, where he intends to reclaim both Romana and his gravitic anomoliser.

On the Skonnan vessel, Romana is imprisoned with the 'tribute' from Aneth and learns that their leader, Seth, is not really a prince, as he claims, but a runaway; he is now hero-worshipped by the impressionable Teka who believes that Seth will kill the Nimon. The co-pilot contacts Skonnos, where Soldeed is relieved to hear that his people can now fulfil their part of the contract with the Nimon for the Great Journey of Life. The prisoners are brought to the entrance of the Power Complex, where Soldeed deduces that it was the co-pilot's foolishness that nearly lost them the consignment. The co-pilot is hurled into the Complex; Romana and the youths are sent after him, carrying the hymetusite globes.

The TARDIS materialises outside the Complex where Sorak's men capture the Doctor and take him to Soldeed's laboratory. Seeing the gravitic anomoliser taken from the freighter, the Doctor seizes his component and evades pursuant guards; he runs into the Complex.

Inside the Complex, Romana's group have discovered that the corridor walls keep rearranging, and find previous 'tributes' from Aneth held in suspended animation until the parasitic Nimon can ingest the binding energy of their flesh. They are discovered by the co-pilot who threatens them with his blaster, but the Nimon arrives; the co-pilot is killed by a blast of energy from its deadly horns. The creature then turns on Romana's group . . .

PART THREE (drn: 23'26")

The Doctor enters and diverts the Nimon's attention, allowing Romana, Seth and Teka to escape; the other youths, however, are captured and the hymetusite fed into the Nimon's nuclear furnace. The Complex achieves operational power level, and energy is transmitted via its two horned antennae. The Doctor realises that the 'maze' is a giant working positronic circuit and, in a central control area, they deduce that the Nimon is transmitting power, via the nearby black hole, through hyperspace to another black hole. The Doctor summons K9 with his dog whistle but, on leaving the TARDIS, the robot is disabled by Soldeed and taken to his laboratory. Soldeed's dismantling of K9 is disturbed when the Power Complex glows into life; he departs to confer with Lord Nimon.

The Doctor, Romana, Seth and Teka are hiding in the control area when the Nimon activates a lever and a small capsule appears containing two more Nimons. The new arrivals say that Crinoth – a dying planet at the other end of the space tunnel – is finished, and the migration must take place as soon as possible. The Nimons move off. Romana is inside the capsule examining the controls when the Doctor accidentally transports it. He is feverishly trying to bring the capsule back to the transmat pad when the fanatic Soldeed enters, destroying the equipment. He levels his lethal energy staff at the Doctor: "You meddling fool! You shall die!"

PART FOUR (drn: 26'45")

Seth uses the co-pilot's blaster to stun Soldeed, allowing the Doctor to make his repairs using the gravitic anomoliser. Soldeed recovers and escapes. Seth and Teka give chase, but Soldeed captures Teka and hands her over to the three Nimons. Back in Soldeed's lab, K9 forces Sorak to release him and heads for the Power Complex.

Romana emerges from the capsule to find herself in the ruins of Crinoth. Hiding from more Nimons she encounters an old man, Sezom, who says that he, like Soldeed, struck a bargain with the Nimons in exchange for higher technology. The Nimons are parasitic nomads, swarming from planet to planet. Crinoth is about to explode, giving the Nimons the power they need for their next jump to Skonnos. Sezom has a rock of jasonite, which makes his energy staff effective against the Nimons. He gives this to Romana, helping her return to the transmat capsule at the cost of his own life.

On Skonnos, the Nimons recover the capsule. Returned, Romana throws Seth the jasonite so he can stun the creatures with Soldeed's staff. The Doctor retrieves his anomoliser and the group meet up with K9; they rescue Teka and the remaining Anethans. Now insane, Soldeed sends the nuclear furnace critical; K9 leads the Doctor's party in a desperate race to escape the ever-changing corridors of the Complex before it explodes with the Nimons inside. Safe, the Doctor continues his work on the TARDIS as Crinoth explodes; Seth's group head home for Aneth in the Skonnan freighter.

The Horns of Nimon

Screenplay extract by Anthony Read

Held at gunpoint by the Skonnan co-pilot, the Doctor and Romana discuss how to generate enough energy to help his freighter escape the pull of the black hole.

Romana: What about the hymetusite? If we could convert the engines, it's an immensely rich energy source.
Doctor: Brilliant! I wish I'd thought of that.
Romana: Oh, you will, Doctor. You will . . .
Romana climbs up into the inspection hatch, leaving the Doctor alone with the co-pilot.
Doctor: Now, I've got to get back to my ship . . . I want you to fetch up two pieces of hymetusite to load into the fuel cell. Look, why don't you give me the gun and then I can keep an eye on myself so I can't get up to any funny business?
Co-pilot: Don't play the fool, with me, Doctor!

PRODUCTION

In November 1978, after eighteen months as script editor on *Doctor Who*, Anthony Read had left the post to return to freelance writing; his work thereafter included *The Omega Factor* for BBC Scotland. He had, however, maintained his links with the *Doctor Who* office, and was soon discussing with them a storyline based – much as his first serial, *Underworld*, had been – on a classic tale from folklore and mythology. (In a similar vein, Read had earlier instigated a scuppered storyline in which the Doctor met Robin Hood, only to find that the legends were wrong and that Robin was the villain of the piece.)

After producing *The Lotus Eaters*, a thriller series set in Crete, Read became fascinated by the ancient legends of Crete and Minos. One tale which he felt could be reworked very easily into a science fiction adventure was the story of the Minotaur at the centre of the labyrinth. The Minotaur had featured twice previously in *Doctor Who*: as a fictional character conjured up during *The Mind Robber*, and as a creature created by Kronos the Chronovore in *The Time Monster*. (Amusingly, *The Creature from the Pit*, the first Season Seventeen script into production, had begun with the Doctor telling how he had once helped Theseus and Ariadne escape the labyrinth.)

SCRIPTING THE LEGEND OF THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR

The Minotaur, a creature possessing a bull's head on a man's body, was supposedly the offspring of Pasiphae, the wife of King Minos of the island of Crete. Pasiphae's violent passions meant that she could only be satisfied by a bull; she achieved this with the aid of Daedalus, an Athenian court inventor who had fled Greece after committing murder. Daedalus built a large wooden cow in which Pasiphae lay so that a bull could mate with her. The resultant creature – the Minotaur – was decreed to be a punishment inflicted on Pasiphae by the god Poseidon; it was duly shut away in an underground maze, constructed by Daedalus, beneath Minos' palace of Knossos.

Theseus, meanwhile, was the son of either King Aegeus of Athens or Poseidon himself. Years earlier, Minos' son had been killed in Athens and Aegeus held responsible. In compensation, Minos demanded that seven young men and seven girls should be sent to Crete every nine years and sacrificed to the Minotaur in tribute. Theseus was determined to cancel the tribute on Minos' terms – either by killing the Minotaur, or escaping the labyrinth. He promised that on his triumphant return to Athens, he would change the sails of the ship from black to white. At Knossos, Minos' daughter, Ariadne, fell in love with Theseus and agreed to help him if he would marry her. She gave him a magic ball of twine to leave a guiding trail through to the heart of the maze, where – after a terrible fight – Theseus slew the creature. Theseus led the other Athenians to safety and sailed back to Athens. However, he abandoned Ariadne on the island of Naxos, and she called upon the god Dionysus for revenge. Dionysus made Theseus forget to change the colour of the sails; Aegeus, believing his son dead, threw himself into the sea and drowned.

In 1900, excavation work at Knossos led by Sir Arthur Evans revealed a palace whose size and complexity might easily have been the inspiration for the tale of the labyrinth.

Read discussed his ideas with producer Graham Williams and script editor Douglas Adams. Although both were reluctant to use writers familiar to the show, they were having great difficulty in finding suitable scripts. *Errinella*, a mediaeval storyline by director Pennant Roberts, was felt to be becoming rather too whimsical. Former producer Philip Hinchcliffe's *Valley of the Lost* had since been rejected, and *The Doomsday Project*, commissioned from Adams' one-time colleague John Lloyd in February 1979, had undergone a number of rewrites. Lloyd was busy producing *Not The Nine O'Clock News*, and planned further rewriting by Allan Prior (like Williams, a *Z Cars* alumni) seems never to have started. (Both *Errinella* and *The Doomsday Project* appeared on the BBC Classified Drama lists of Friday 29th June 1979, alongside a story by Alan Drury also commissioned in February 1979.)

On Friday 23rd March 1979, as shooting got underway on the new season, Adams commissioned Read to pen a four-part story; his target delivery date was Monday 30th April. At this point, Adams wrote a memo to Graeme McDonald, Head of

Serials, to explain why familiar writers – David Fisher, Terry Nation, Bob Baker and Anthony Read – were getting the commissions; after spending a lot of time with several new writers, none had returned suitable scripts and, as a last resort, he had been compelled to fall back on tried-and-tested authors.

Read's four scripts – entitled *The Horns of Nimon* – were delivered on Friday 4th May and formally accepted on Monday 11th June. The writer had distorted several names from Cretan myth: Theseus became young hero Seth; the city of Athens became the planet of Aneth; the palace of Knossos begat the planet Skonnos; Corinth became the doomed world Crinoth; 'Minotaur' was truncated and corrupted to form 'Nimon'; and the name of the inventor Daedalus was reversed and simplified to become 'Soldeed'. The labyrinth in which the Nimon lived was envisaged by Read as a giant printed circuit, the channels inside changing constantly (an aspect which he would later feel was not stressed enough in the completed serial). At the end of Part Four, Seth resolves to paint his spaceship white before setting off for Aneth, thus retaining the myth of Theseus' sails. Read's tongue-in-cheek script assumed that much of the story's menace would be achieved by others concerned with its production; Williams, however, felt it was one of the season's weaker storylines, and decided to bury it in the fifth slot before the big season climax *Shada*.

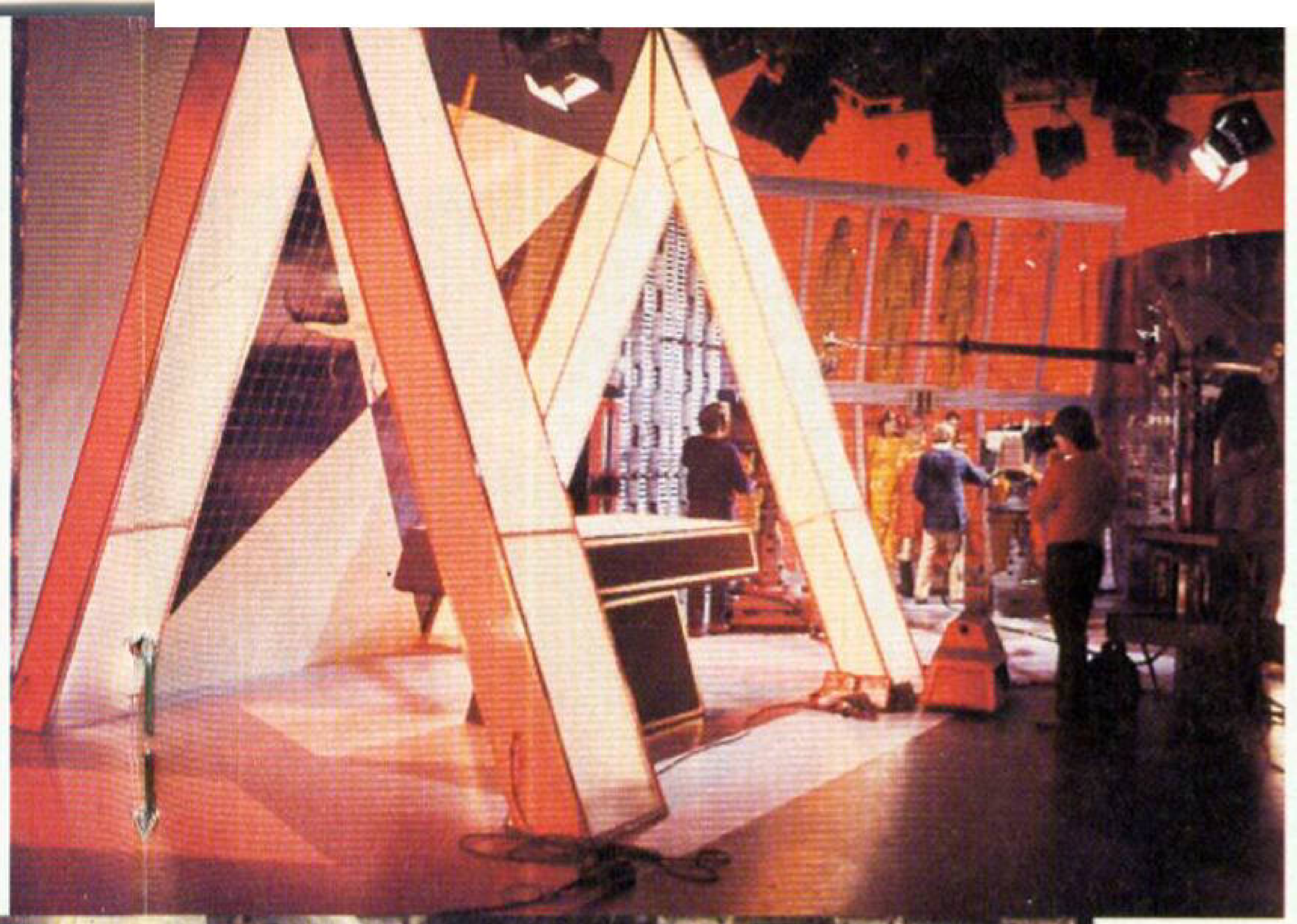
SCRIPTING STRETCHING THE BUDGET

Helpfully, Anthony Read's Part Four script indicated how the serial's limited budget might be stretched: "The Crinoth Complex is identical in structure to the Nimon Complex, and is intended to be the same sets redressed or simply broken down . . . Although there should seem to be hordes of Nimons, on both Skonnos and Crinoth, we never see more than three at one time, and only two of these are required to speak. They are, of course, a cloned species and therefore all completely identical . . ." The script called for a second speaking Nimon, with a third as a non-speaking extra. Nimon 3 acquired dialogue at a later stage.

Some location filming had certainly been allocated for the serial, and it has been suggested that this would have been shot at night. The most likely material for this would have been the exterior scenes of the entrance to the Nimon's power complex on Skonnos, or perhaps those set in the ruins of Crinoth. However, the season's first three serials had cost rather more than anticipated and, to ensure that enough money was left to make *Shada*, both *The Horns of Nimon* and its predecessor *Nightmare of Eden* lost nearly all their filming allocations and would have to be made almost entirely in studio. Read's scripts still called for various filmed special effects: the model work of the TARDIS, the Skonnian spaceship Tor Three, the asteroids and Part One's 'spacewalk' sequence, for example. These were promptly abandoned; Williams also required the serial to be made with basic sets, few visual effects and a minimal demand on costume and make-up.

REWRITES PART ONE

In the original opening TARDIS scene, the Doctor is at work on the console and asks K9 to give the circuits a little nudge with his probe. Romana, with only her feet in shot, is heard scoffing at this unscientific method; the camera would then track up to show that "she is wearing a witch doctor mask and robe, and is holding a spear" which, it transpires, the Doctor had once won. He relates how, many years previously, he and a witch doctor were playing bones in the Congo. The Doctor had just acquired the outfit when there was a great commotion; an American staggered in to say "Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" Continues the Doctor: "So I said, 'Which doctor?' and he said . . . " The anecdote is cut short by K9 who has been trying to warn his master that the TARDIS is moving. When the Doctor links the forcefield to the Skonnian ship, Romana asks for a red carpet and is told not to be ostentatious. As the Doctor's party leave the TARDIS via the forcefield, Romana tells K9: "Come on, we're going space walkies." Romana's criticism of the TARDIS on the Skonnian spaceship irritates the Doctor who tells her "That's enough of that if you don't want to walk home." Romana has made a sonic screwdriver of her own which is "obviously a superior one". Much of the plot revolved around the TARDIS' gravitic anomoliser – a component first mentioned in *The Pirate Planet*.



Rewrites on Read's scripts began in August; changes were made to Parts Two to Four on Wednesday 1st August and to the first episode the day after. The natives of Skonnos were originally called Skonnians instead of Skonnans, and the pilot was noted as sporting a helmet which "bears the insignia of the horns of Nimon". The Skonnian spaceship – named Tor Three in a scene where the co-pilot radios Skonnos control – was described as having "the look of a battleship which has seen better days".

Read suggested that the spaceship's two holds might be the same set redressed, and his script did not include the co-pilot's "weakling scum!" lines. Teka was described as "an attractive dark creature with big eyes", while Seth was envisaged as "dark haired and olive skinned". The author also indicated that the hymetusite containers in the hold should be marked with the horns symbol "and also with a symbol (not the standard Earth one) warning of radio-activity". The hymetusite itself was indicated as being "a piece of crystalline rock, a single hexagonal cylinder, like part of a very large pencil". The co-pilot's weapon was described as "a two pronged blaster".

CASTING GUEST ARTISTS

A number of guest artists had been considered for the serial, including Alan Surtees, Fernand Monast, Derek Hold, Davina Weerwilletz and Marella Oppenheim (all of whom auditioned). John Welsh and Richard Vernon had been considered as Sezom. The main guest star was Graham Crowden, a Scots actor who had turned down then producer Barry Letts' offer to play the Doctor in 1973 (and would become better known for his roles in both *A Very Peculiar Practice* and sitcom *Waiting for God*). Playing the co-pilot was Malcolm Terris – *The Dominators*' Etnin, and formerly a regular in *When The Boat Comes In*. Meanwhile, Janet Ellis, cast as Teka, was a presenter of children's series *Jigsaw* and later *Blue Peter*.

The entrance to the Nimon Complex on Skonnos was to be "decorated with futuristic symbols, based on the motif of the Nimon horns". Sorak was "in his early Thirties, handsome, ruthless. His costume has a military air to it, but it is more a futuristic extrapolation of a Greek soldier than a modern soldier". Soldeed was to be dressed more splendidly: "he combines the roles of Commander in Chief with Chief Priest," wrote Read. "He carries a staff . . . topped with stylised horns which match the symbols on the complex . . . He and Hitler would have played golf together. He would have cheated". The Nimon Complex itself was described as "a vast low building dominated by a huge pair of stylized horns soaring into the sky like twin spires on a gothic cathedral". The Nimon which appears at the end of Part One was envisaged as "a terrifying creature, with huge powerful shoulders and a great glistening head like a huge mechanical bull. Two long pointed horns curve from either side of the beady eyes".

In the script for Part Two, Teka originally tells Romana that Seth is their prince and that he has defeated many of their enemies already. She also says that Skonnan ships are black (later changed to grey) and that they will paint their ship white for joy on their triumphant return. After the ship's arrival on Skonnos, Seth would have tried to proclaim himself Prince of Aneth to Soldeed. The Doctor's dialogue when he meets Soldeed was far more flippant – "Good heavens, we are feeling ignorant today aren't we?" – and he refers to Romana as his "assistant" (later changed to "friend").

In Part Three, the Doctor originally taunts the Nimon with the line, "Come on Nimon, let's see some action" – and it is Seth, not Romana, who gets the co-pilot's blaster; later, the Doctor would be disappointed by Romana's attitude to his revelation that the Complex's corridors form a giant positronic circuit. Continuity was maintained with *The Pirate Planet* in K9's ability to track individuals' 'psychospoor'. In this draft, K9 makes straight for the Complex after leaving the TARDIS, and Soldeed threatens to feed the cowardly guards to the Nimon. The transmat pad and capsule were described, respectively, as "a bare cylindrical space with metallic walls" and "a metallic cylinder". Seth and Teka's "don't know" routine was inserted at a later date.

Also later modified was Romana's initial scene with Sezom: as scripted, Romana thinks Sezom is Soldeed, and the old man comments that he could not recall when somebody was last kind to him. The dialogue between the three Nimons on Crinoth about the final contingency plan was later lengthened, as was the dialogue between Soldeed and Romana in the 'larder'.

A further set of rewrites were made on Wednesday 22nd August. Changes to Part One comprised adjustments to the initial TARDIS scene, trimming some of the Doctor's dialogue in the hold, and removing reference to the great doors to the Power Complex swinging open (this would now be achieved in a cheaper manner). The rewrites to Part Three added some material from the Doctor about black holes, and altered the scene between Soldeed and Sorak in the lab.

The director assigned to *The Horns of Nimon* was Kenny McBain, a Scot who had been working for BBC Scotland on series such as *The Omega Factor* and was now looking to leave regional television. The set designer was Graeme Story; much experienced in light entertainment, Story was making his *Doctor Who* debut. Costume designer June Hudson had first worked on *The Ribos Operation* and had handled alternate stories during Season Seventeen. Make-up supervisor Christine Walmsley-Cotham worked on *The Ribos Operation*, too; visual effects supervisor Peter Pegrum, meanwhile, had previously handled *Horror of Fang Rock* and been an assistant on earlier serials such as *The Time Monster*. Pegrum oversaw a small amount of 35mm pre-filming (the shot of the Nimon's power complex exploding in Part Four).

Nightmare of Eden completed its problematical recording at the end of August, by which time Williams had decided to leave as producer. To announce the new season's transmission from Saturday 1st September on, the show's two stars, Tom Baker and Lalla Ward, were present – alongside a few Daleks – at a publicity session on Thursday 30th August. On Friday 14th September, rehearsals began for *The Horns of Nimon*; on Saturday 22nd September, Baker donned his Doctor's costume and posed with TARDIS and K9 props for a photo session for Denis Alan Print. These photographs would form a series of posters and greetings cards aimed at the juvenile market.

The first recording block took place between Monday 24th and Wednesday 26th September in Studio 3 at BBC Television Centre; an afternoon's camera rehearsals,were followed by taping between 7.30 and 10pm. The first scenes to be recorded were all those set at the Entrance to the Nimon Complex on Skonnos. This set used a series of blue drapes hung across the entrance; a CSO effect could therefore be used on the doorway. Normally, a metallic grey was keyed into the motionless

COSTUME THE NIMONS

For the Nimons, Kenny McBain and June Hudson attempted to dehumanize the human form and lose the man-in-a-suit image; consequently, Hudson's first designs bore very gangly arms and legs. One of McBain's ideas was to hire movement artists to play the three creatures and have them specially choreographed. For the costume, Hudson worked with freelancer Roger Oldhamstead who constructed the three Nimon heads from an expensive material purchased from Zeta, a German company. This was stretched until it looked black and sweaty, like a bull's hide. The torso was a padded frame widening the shoulders and chest, and the head was meant to give the impression of a mask concealing something else (suggesting perhaps a head too hideous to be seen, even by the Nimons themselves). Originally the head bore transparent glass eyes, but McBain asked for these to be changed a few days before studio. The Nimons' 'hooves' were sandals with twelve inch lift soles. Their voices were provided by actor Clifford Norgate, whose tones were heavily modulated to make them deep and fearsome.

strips, but when a person entered or left, a vivid red was keyed in, giving a 'wall of flame' effect. Many of the Skonnan sets, including the spaceship, used stock machinery and equipment to keep costs down; set elements included mailbox racks and forklift truck pallets. The costumes worn by the Skonnan guards were black satin stretched over foam to pad them out. Romana was given a bright red riding outfit; actress Ward felt it might help to anger the bullish Nimon.

The TARDIS prop materialised in Part Two by means of the usual roll-back-and-mix technique; it retained both the rotating blue police light fitted for *Nightmare of Eden* and faint chalkmarks on its door from the Denis Alan Print photosession. The Skonnan guards' rifles and co-pilot's blaster were all working props, firing a single flash charge and emitting brown smoke. A cutaway shot of Soldeed and Sorak was recorded to be placed onto the TARDIS scanner screen in Part Three, and recording breaks allowed K9 to emerge smoothly from the TARDIS. When shot at by the guards, a purple image from a spark generator was inlaid over K9. A red light flashed on and off on the set for those scenes in Part Three when the Complex became active.

On Tuesday 25th, the standard working pattern of morning rehearsals and then rehearse/record between 2.30 and 5.15pm then 7.30 to 10.00pm was established. Taping continued in the Skonnan Council Chamber set seen in Parts Two and Three; when Soldeed addressed the Skonnan Lords, it was planned to tape the scene twice from two angles, with a replay of the sound from the first take to maintain continuity. The next scene led directly into Soldeed's Laboratory, a set which used CSO windows to key in the Power Complex model. Recorded next was the Part Two sequence in which the Doctor meets and escapes Soldeed. Following this, the remaining scenes in Soldeed's laboratory were recorded, again with red light playing over the set. The schedule meant that the Skonnan extras would no longer be needed, and nor would Michael Osborne.

STUDIO RECORDING MODEL SEQUENCES

The model sequences involving the Skonnan spaceship, the TARDIS and the asteroids seen in Part One were recorded with the models stationary on CSO backgrounds; cameras zoomed in and out on these to give the illusion of motion. Some of these were shots that would later be added to the TARDIS scanner screen. An enlarged section of the Skonnan ship was also built, complete with opening airlock hatch. Chromakey was used to project the TARDIS's door defence shield down to the airlock; the regular cast were later laid into the shot. Further shots using five pieces of space debris were recorded, the camera moving to show these drifting from the Skonnan ship to the TARDIS. CSO was used to show the ship leaving the stricken TARDIS behind. In the most complex shot – seen at the start of Part Two – one camera zoomed in on a rotating asteroid model; another was with set to 'bounce' the spinning TARDIS model off the asteroid prop. Several other model shots were due to be recorded, but pressures of time saw these incorporated into the live-action recording for the rest of the block.

The second day was the first devoted to the Nimon Complex, starting with the 'Dining Area' used in the Part Two scene where Romana's party finds the husk of the dead Anethan youth; a prop was rigged to collapse at Ellis' touch. Cameras then moved to cover the adjacent 'larder' set where Part Two's cliffhanger was recorded. For this set, a section of twelve transparent plastic pallets moulded into a human form had been erected and filled by a few extras and a few dummies in Anethan costume. (Unfortunately, during his death scene, Malcolm Terris' trousers split in full view of the camera.)

A second take of Part Two's cliffhanger was shot for the reprise at the beginning of Part Three. During the subsequent scene, wherein the Doctor incites the Nimon to fire at his own equipment, there was a recording break to rig a flash charge by the larder's storage bay. After the scene in which the Nimon stuns the first Anethan youth, the next two scenes to be taped were those of the nuclear furnace throbbing with power in Part Four. Sadly, as these were recorded out of sequence, there was no sign of the body of Soldeed, who had supposedly died earlier and been left by the furnace. These inserts allowed the Anethan extras to enter the pallets for the next Part Three larder scene.

Taping continued in the Dining Room and the adjoining corridor for the sequence in Part Four where Teka finds the co-pilot's corpse lain out on the slab – actor Terris, therefore, made an uncredited appearance in Part Four – and her subsequent capture by Soldeed. This was followed by shots of Soldeed sending the furnace critical in Part Four. In this, his character's death scene, Crowden had wanted to insert the line "I have caught an everlasting cold" from John Webster's 1612 play *The White Devil*; McBain, however, ordered this cut, citing Crowden's alleged overacting. Crowden believed the take to be a rehearsal and started laughing during Soldeed's demise.

Recording moved out into the corridors, starting with Romana and the Anethans' entry into the Complex in Part Two. This scene was recorded twice with the walls in different configurations, and edited together to give the impression that the walls had moved. This was followed by a similar scene with the co-pilot, this time using a recording pause to reposition Terris. The next scenes were of the Doctor's party fleeing the corridors in Part Four; a roll-back-and-mix effect was used across a split screen to allow the group to appear to pass through the wall. Scenes of Soldeed in the corridors in Parts One and Three were taped next, plus other scenes of Romana, Teka and Seth, the Nimon and the Doctor wandering in the corridors during the third episode.

EDITING PART TWO

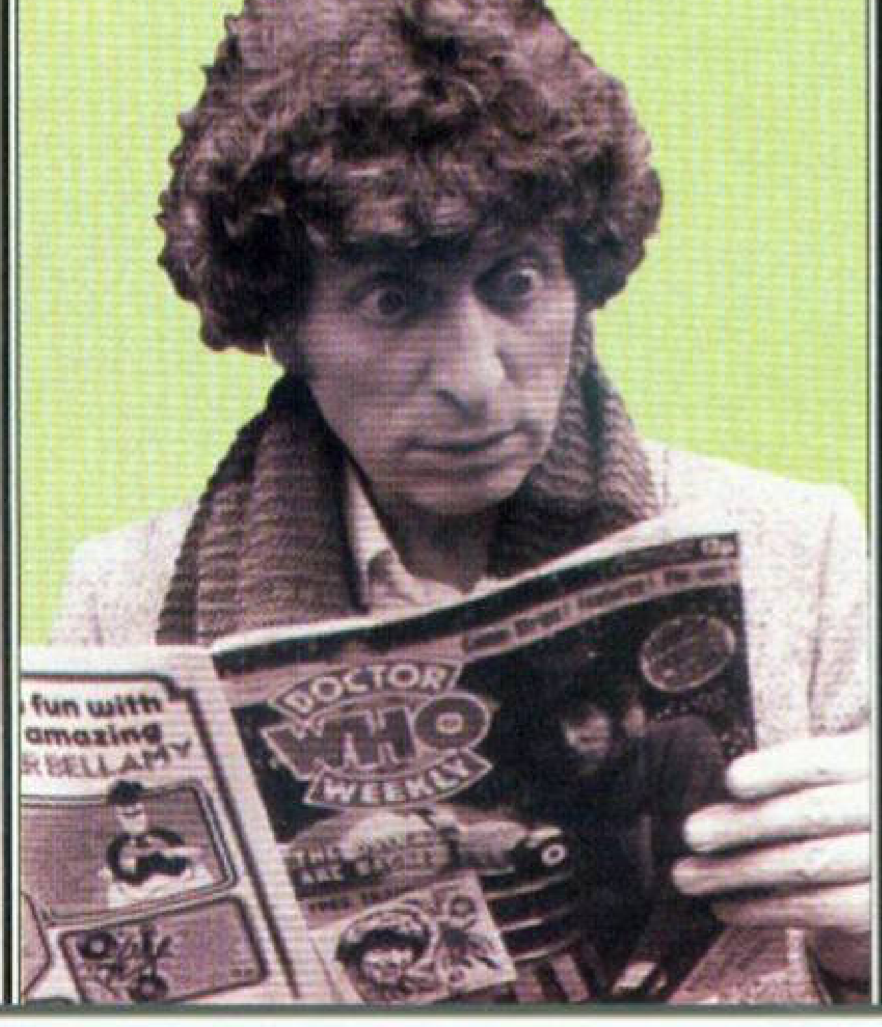
Part Two lost several scenes to attain its maximum running time of twenty-five minutes. A scene of the co-pilot shoving Romana in the hold with the Anethans was cut, as was the end of the subsequent scene in the TARDIS where K9 asks the Doctor for a definition of a "slow bowler" (the Doctor's explanation fails to make the robot understand the significance. Exclaims the Doctor, "Significance? It's cricket. That's how significant it is," and tells "tinhead" to carry on analysing the damage to the TARDIS. Similarly, the first scene between Soldeed and the Nimon was curtailed: the Nimon tells Soldeed not to believe he can have something for nothing and demands all the tributes. "Anything less than payment in full," ruminates the Nimon, "is nothing." A shot of a grim Soldeed returning through the Complex was dropped, as was a later shot of the Doctor hearing the Nimon roar in the corridors.

For the scene in which the Doctor enters the corridors in Part Two, carefully arranged camera movements allowed a single shot to be recorded of the Doctor placing paper stars on the wall, moving on and then returning to find his marker gone; the stars were removed by a stagehand while the camera focused elsewhere. More of Soldeed in the corridors during Part Three followed, and then the scene where the Doctor meets up with Romana, Teka and Seth. The day ended with a Part Four shot of the Nimon in the corridors; all the scenes with the Anethan extras were now complete.

A photocall was held on Wednesday 26th; shots centred on the show's two stars, plus Crowden – this being his last studio day – and the three Nimons. Part Four's recording then resumed with scenes showing the Nimons, Seth and Teka in the corridors. Taping then switched to all the scenes set in the 'Central Chamber' and the corridor outside. All three Nimons appeared this day; Clifford Norgate's voice was modulated differently for each of the creatures. Roll-back-and-mix was used for the appearance of the Nimon transmat capsule amidst a cloud of smoke; this egg-shaped capsule had been constructed by Story's design assistant Rorie Mitchell rather than Visual Effects. This effect proved time-intensive, and most of the capsule's subsequent jaunts were not shown on camera, the capsule instead being moved into position during recording breaks. Sections of equipment were rigged to explode with flash charges when Soldeed fired at them during Part Three, and a new version of Part Three's cliffhanger was recorded for the Part Four reprise.

PUBLICITY DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

With recording completed, Tom Baker set off on a promotional tour for **Doctor Who Weekly**, a new comic created by Marvel Comics' Dez Skinn after discussions with Graham Williams at the 1979 World Science Fiction Convention. The tour began on Wednesday 10th October in Baker's home city of Liverpool; this was covered by the *Daily Star* newspaper on Saturday 13th October in a piece entitled "Traveller Tom Returns To Find His Roots". Further stops were made in Manchester and Leeds. On Thursday 11th Baker visited Birmingham and Wolverhampton, signing further copies of No 1 and also making a promotional appearance on television's *Midlands Today*. The tour concluded in London on Friday 12th.



Joining the cast for the second block was John Bailey as Sezom. Bailey had appeared in *Doctor Who* before, as the Commander in *The Sensorites: A Desperate Venture* and as Edward Waterfield in *The Evil of the Daleks*.

The second studio ran from Sunday 7th to Tuesday 9th October, with afternoon and evening recording on all three days in TC6. Work began with the model sequences for the serial; the remainder of the day was spent on the Skonnan spaceship scenes. These started with the first five flight deck sequences involving Bob Hornery as the pilot, and involved the detonation of flash and smoke charges under the consoles.

On Monday 8th, the remaining spaceship scenes were recorded, followed immediately by the Part Four scenes set at the 'Central Chamber' and 'Shuttle Port' on Crinoth. Again, the transmat capsule arrived surrounded in smoke; only once was its arrival achieved by roll-back-and-mix.

Recording on the final day, Tuesday 9th, commenced with all the TARDIS scenes, starting with two Part Three sequences involving K9. The standard TARDIS set was heavily modified for use in this serial: much of the main console was stripped down and the glass cylinder around the central column was removed. Flash charges were fitted to the console to achieve the effect of the defence shields blowing up in Part One, and again when the Doctor attempts to operate the ship without the gravitic anomoliser in place in Part Two. A few shots of the TARDIS scanner blank bar a CSO screen were recorded to allow images to be dropped in later, but some model shots seen on the scanner – showing the Skonnan ship, the asteroid, the Power Complex and Crinoth exploding – were performed as live. The Doctor's *Talons of Weng-Chiang* cloak was hung on the hatstand. Unfortunately, one section of wall roundels was erected back-to-front.

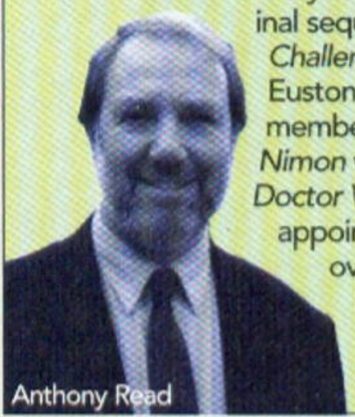
The destruction of the TARDIS' defence shields would cause K9's head to turn round the wrong way; Baker twisted back the neck of a lightweight K9 dummy. For the shots of the TARDIS being struck by the asteroid, a revolving camera lens was used to superimpose a rotating image of the control room onto the action, after which Baker was seen to right the overturned K9 dummy. The final scenes to be recorded were those set in Crinoth's 'Larder' and 'Corridor'; these required Ward, Bailey and the three Nimons.

The gallery-only day to add electronic effects to previously-shot scenes was held in TC8 on Monday 15th October. Scenes on Tor Three were slowed down to convey the impression of gravity increasing aboard the ship. Also added at this point were the 'corridor' connecting the TARDIS and Tor Three, the green beam from both the Skonnan guards' rifles and the co-pilot's blaster, the red ray from the jasonite staff, K9's red stunning and soldering beam, both the orange ray from Soldeed's staff and the yellow halo it produced over the immobilised K9, and the red and yellow rings emanating from the Nimons' horns. In the last few scenes

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

WRITER AND DIRECTOR
ANTHONY READ AND KENNY McBAIN

The Horns of Nimon was Anthony Read's final work on *Doctor Who*, and he was disappointed to find that it had been 'camped up' somewhat during production. Read continued to write books with fellow *Doctor Who* scribe David Fisher, and became story editor on the anthology series *Hammer House of Horror* shortly afterwards. He went on to write for *Into the Labyrinth, One by One* and also to adapt John Wyndham's *Chocky* for Thames; this was followed by original sequels *Chocky's Children* and *Chocky's Challenge*. Also briefly a script editor at Euston Films, Read remains a leading member of the Writer's Guild. *The Horns of Nimon* was to be Kenny McBain's only *Doctor Who* serial; shortly afterwards he was appointed producer of *Grange Hill*. After overseeing both *Boon* and *Inspector Morse*, he became Head of Drama at Tyne Tees, and died after an illness some years later.


Anthony Read

of Part Four, building up to the explosion of the Power Complex, a red overlay was switched on and off over the main picture. A red outline of the Nimons' oval capsule was placed over its materialisation on a couple of occasions.

For timing reasons, several brief scenes were edited out of Part One, although the episode still over-ran. The first of these was a model shot of the Skonnan craft veering out of control, followed by a scene of the co-pilot using the radio to contact Skonnos control. After this came a scene set in the hold in which Seth tries to see through the door; worried, Teka fears that the Skonnans will attack Aneth. A further scene in the hold in which the trapped Anethans fear that the crew are dead was also excised, and the end of the scene in the TARDIS in which the Doctor asks K9 about the Skonnan Empire's downfall in a civil war was trimmed. In this scene, the Doctor asks K9 to define 'civil'. The robot replies: "Civil – polite, courteous, humane". "That's what I thought", says the Doctor. "Whoever invented the phrase 'civil war' needs his head examining."

Another scene completely removed was set in the spaceship companionway and showed Romana finding the co-pilot forcing the Anethans to carry the hymetusite, commenting that the Doctor asked him to bring the crystals. "Me? I'm a Skonnan, not a porter," replies the co-pilot. "I see, and if you're a Skonnan the Universe owes you a living, is that right?" retorts Romana. "So the Nimon has promised us," replies the co-pilot. Also dropped were model shots of the Doctor returning to the TARDIS and the airlock sealing up, plus the Doctor subsequently telling K9 that they will soon be on their way. The end of a scene in which an irate Romana asks the Anethans "What kind of idiots are you?" was also dropped.

Although Part Two had to be edited down, Part Three under-ran significantly even after a very long reprise from Part Two had been grafted onto it. Part Four, however, was granted an extended thirty minute slot to accommodate its over-run; it was thought that the narrative flow would be upset by timing cuts. First edits of Parts Two and Four were broadcast, and second edits of Parts One and Three. With the cancellation of the incomplete *Shada*, *The Horns of Nimon* was to bring Season Seventeen to a premature end.

Just under thirty minutes of incidental music was produced for the serial; composer Dudley Simpson incorporated elements of his theme for Baker's Doctor during the escape from the Power Complex in Part Four and portions of the Wedding March during dialogue about lovers Seth and Teka. The Radiophonic Workshop's Dick Mills dubbed a barrage of comic sound effects over the explosion of the TARDIS console during Part Two; Mills argued that the explosion scene was silly enough already to get away with it.

With just six million viewers, Part One of *The Horns of Nimon* – broadcast against ITV's networked family movie *Digby, The Biggest Dog In The World* – won the series' smallest audience since Episode Five of *The Time Monster*. However, the audience for the serial rose steadily to over ten million by Part Four, placing it back in the Top 30; competition for this later episode was mixed across the regions but including *CHiPs*, *Chopper Squad*, *Mork and Mindy*, *Salvage-1* and movies such as *Skyjacked* and *Hot Rock*.

The serial was sold abroad to various countries. In Australia, it arrived in March 1980 and was passed uncut for screening with a G rating. Time-Life distributed a slightly edited version of the serial in the early Eighties; the serial was also syndicated in North America as a TV Movie of one hour thirty-four minutes duration.

For WH Allen, Terrance Dicks novelised Read's scripts as *Doctor Who and the Horns of Nimon*; he named the spaceship captain as Sekkoth, the co-pilot as Sardor, and made Teka the daughter of the King of Aneth. The book, with a cover by Steve Kyte, was published simultaneously in hardback and as a Target Books paperback in October 1980; the paperback was later numbered Book No 37 in the Target Library. Other items of associated merchandise included the second colour publicity postcard for K9, in which the robot was seen on the Skonnan freighter set; this was issued in 1980. Mills' comedy TARDIS sound effect can be heard on the BBC CD *Doctor Who: 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop*, released in July 1993.

The Horns of Nimon was broadcast on Saturday 20th November 1993 by UK Gold as part of their special thirtieth anniversary weekend; it was subsequently screened in episodic form in May 1994, and as a compilation both in June 1994 and March 1996. The serial is retained by the BBC Film and Videotape Library on its original two-inch 625-line colour videotape, and remains a potential home video release.

Andrew Pixley

SERIAL 5L **THE HORNS OF NIMON**

CAST Tom Baker (*Doctor Who*) with Bob Hornery (*Pilot*) [1], Malcolm Terris (*Co-pilot*) [1-3], Janet Ellis (*Teka*), Simon Gipps-Kent (*Seth*), David Brierly (*Voice of K9*), Lalla Ward (*Romana*), Michael Osborne (*Sorak*), Graham Crowden (*Soldeed*), Clifford Norgate (*Voice of the Nimons*), Robin Sherringham (*Nimon*); Bob Appleby, Trevor St John Hacker (*Nimons*) [4]*; John Bailey (*Sezom*) [4].

* Also in Part Three uncredited

EXTRAS Nicholas Drake, Daniel Tabori, Rachael Wheeler, Zena Daire, Katy Jarret (*Anethans*); Terry Gurry, Joe Santo, Derek Suthern, Edmund Thomas, Norman Bradley, Peter Roy, Paul Barton, David Glen (*Skonnan Guards*); Peter Jackson, Roy Shelley, Trevor Wedlock, Ronald Meyer, Robert Barker, Roy Brent, Ray Lavender, Donald Groves, David Harris, Jim Delaney, Eric French, Derek Chafer (*Skonnan Warlords*); Gary Gold, Jane Frost, Debbi Thomson (*Anethan Corpses*).

CREDITS Written by Anthony Read. Incidental Music: Dudley Simpson. Special Sound: Dick Mills. Production Assistant: Henry Foster. Production Unit Manager: John Nathan-Turner. Director's Assistant: Elizabeth Sherry. Assistant Floor Manager: Rosemary Chapman. Studio Lighting: Nigel Wright. Studio Sound: John Hartshorn. Technical Manager: Derek Thompson. Senior Cameraman: Alec Wheal. Visual Effects Designer: Peter Pegrum. Electronic Effects: Dave Jervis. Vision Mixer: James Gould. Videotape Editor: Rod Waldron. Costume Designer: June Hudson. Make-up Artist: Christine Walmesley-Cotham. Script Editor: Douglas Adams. Designer: Graeme Story. Producer: Graham Williams. Directed by Kenny McBain. BBC © 1979.

UK TRANSMISSION DETAILS

Part One	22nd December, 1979	6.10pm-6.35pm
Part Two	29th December, 1979	5.50pm-6.15pm
Part Three	5th January, 1980	6.20pm-6.45pm
Part Four	12th January, 1980	6.05pm-6.35pm

Viewing Figures

Part One 6.0M (100th), **Part Two** 8.8M (56th), **Part Three** 9.8M (40th), **Part Four** 10.4M (26th).

Audience Appreciation

Part Four 67%. No figures recorded for Parts One to Three.

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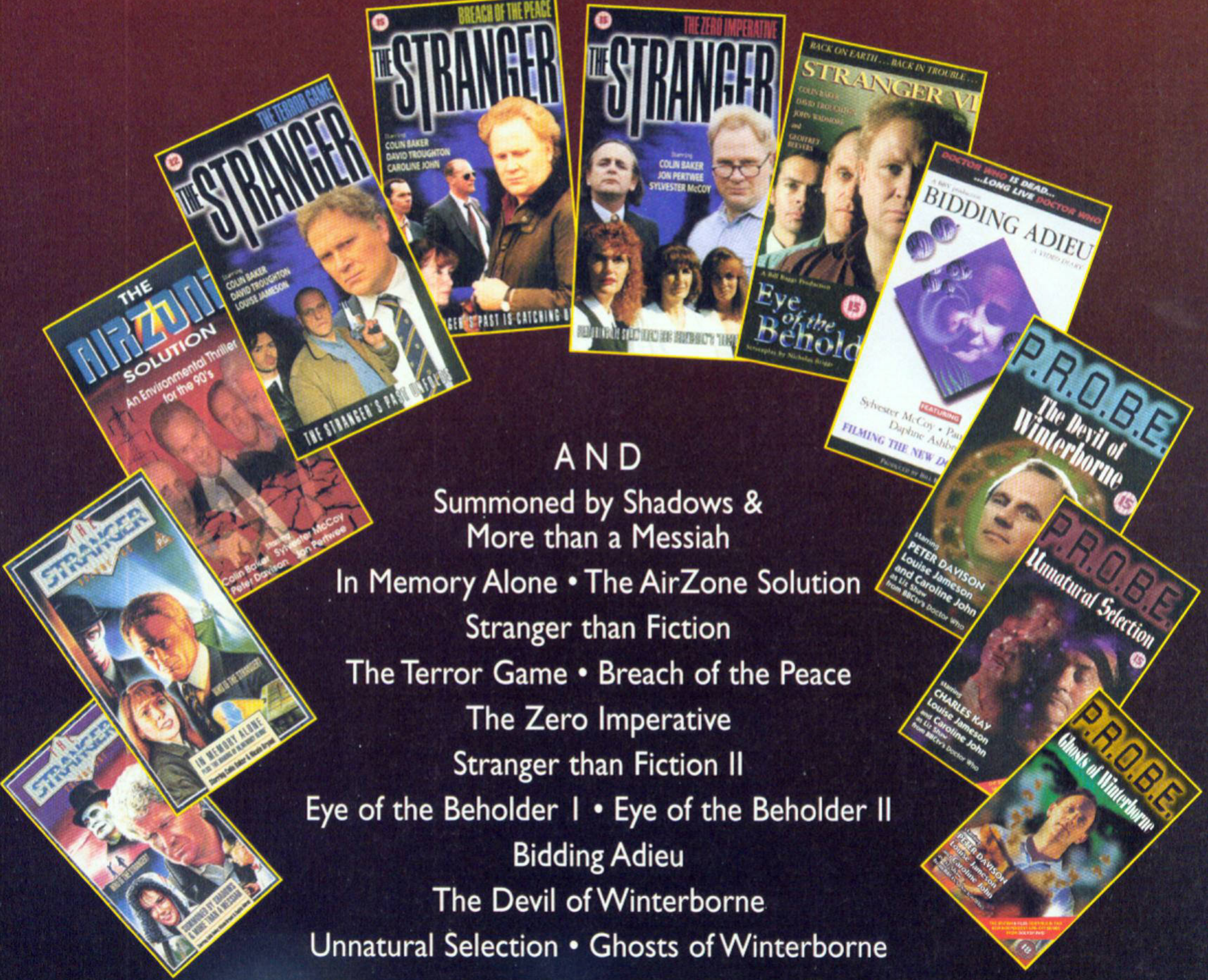
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20 distressingly common misconceptions about Doctor Who . . .

You might think that, in this age of videos, magazines and endless factual books, there's no excuse for knowing naff all about your favourite TV show. But where would we be if all we read or heard was accurate? Writers would be limited to one volume each for a start, as they'd have nothing to correct or expound upon afterwards. We've all got very blasé about accounts of *Doctor Who*'s origins, for example, as we know there'll be another one along next week. **Steve Lyons** and **Chris Howarth** have decided, therefore, to lay some of those old chestnuts to rest . . .

1 Terry Nation created *Doctor Who.*

Fans of *Trivial Pursuit* will be familiar with this error, which is one of several which casts doubts on the game's overall reliability. Former Beatle Pete Best isn't dead for one thing, and we don't believe the one about that Titzling bloke inventing the bra – it sounds like a bad Ben Elton joke.

Besides, everyone knows *Doctor Who* was created by, ah, erm . . .

2 The Doctor had several incarnations before the one played by William Hartnell.

Come off it. Just because we saw half the production team in way-out clobber on a screen in *The Brain of Morbius* (and then you have to disregard the umpteen times the Doctor's said how many lives he's *really* had), some people cling to this outdated piece of tosh and refuse to accept all credible alternatives.

Others have advanced the notion that Philip Hinchcliffe *et al* were meant to be younger Hartnells. Yeah, right.

3 The design of the Krotons was determined by a *Blue Peter* contest.

One of our favourites, this, and the one we most wanted to be true. Looking back in light of the revelation of the real *Blue Peter* winners, it does seem a tad unlikely. But they were always telling you how to utilise old egg boxes, weren't they?

4 Early episodes of *Doctor Who* were transmitted live.

Claimed by some of the actors involved, no doubt for reasons of their own.

5 *The Faceless Ones* was the first story to feature the Doctor's face in the titles.

Postulated by that old rag **Doctor Who Weekly**, this never had any basis in fact. After all, *The Macra Terror* is missing, so who could tell if Troughton's mug was in its opening sequence or not? No, someone just *wanted* this to be true: it'd be a bit ironic, wouldn't it? Tough. The recently unearthed telesnaps show it up as a shoddy lie.

DOCTOR WHO
THE MACRA TERROR

6 The Third Doctor said "reverse the polarity of the neutron flow" a lot.

No he didn't. So where did this pernicious lie come from? Aha! John Nathan-Turner's foreword to Target's *Doctor Who Quiz Book* provides the evidence. Amidst a list of "impossible" questions, he wonders how many times Jon Pertwee spoke this nonsensical line, implying that the total is huge. We've got news for you, John: he said it *once*. You might as well ask how many times Colin Baker said "you microcephalic apostate".

7 The word "Dalek" came from the spine of an encyclopaedia.

Fans orginally fell hook, line and plunger for this one, even though "DAL-LEK" would be a somewhat hefty volume compared to its predecessor. Still, you can hardly blame them when the info comes from Terry Nation via the original factual book, *The Making of Doctor Who*. Why tell such a bare-faced lie? Nation later admitted that the Daleks just rolled off his typewriter; not likely, we say, unless he was thinking of the Rolykin versions.

By the way, the spines of the current edition of *Everyman's Encyclopaedia* suggest some great names for future adversaries: the Caccons and the Thozyrs would have the Doctor bricking it, whilst the dastardly Inflobs would give the designers a great chance to re-use their favourite shape.

8 *Doctor Who* featured a world called Vulcan before *Star Trek.*

Would that this were true. However, in both cases, the writers simply took inspiration from the then-current belief that a tenth planet of this name might exist within our solar system. Hardly a big coincidence; the idea was so bleedin' obvious that two people were bound to use it sooner or later.

But speaking of tenth planets, *Doctor Who* definitely used the Cybermen three decades before *Star Trek* ripped them off with their Borg.

9 The butterfly-like inhabitants of Vortis were called "Menoptera".

The credits of *The Web Planet* refer to them as "Menoptra". So why does everyone, but *everyone*, feel the need to add an extra "e"? Learn to spell, folks!

What's that you say? It's spelt "Menoptera" in Bill Strutton's novelisation? Okay, but that features a character called "Doctor Who", doesn't it? Admittedly, the incorrect version makes more sense – but if that was a justification for using it wholesale, you might as well pretend that the Chumblies had a better name too.

At least we're going off what was seen on screen, which is more than you can say for exponents of the following idea . . .

10 The first story was called *100,000 BC* and not, as we all thought, *An Unearthly Child.*

One of the more transparent fallacies of recent years. (And the editor can't take that out without making this a list of 19 common misconceptions!)

[It's still 20 misconceptions, actually. *You* think you're getting paid for this . . . – Ed.]

11 The Doctor's real name is $\partial^3\sum x^2$

Another great whopper from the *The Making of Doctor Who*. It's never been contradicted (except by WOTAN), but come on: amidst sensible Gallifreyan monikers like Goth, Hedin, Flavia and Romanadvoratrelundar, the Doctor's parents are hardly likely to christen him with a string of mathematical symbols, are they? Especially not if one of them's human!

Mind you, it might explain why his college nickname was "ΘΣ" . . .

12 The Daleks were going to make a guest appearance in *Red Dwarf.*

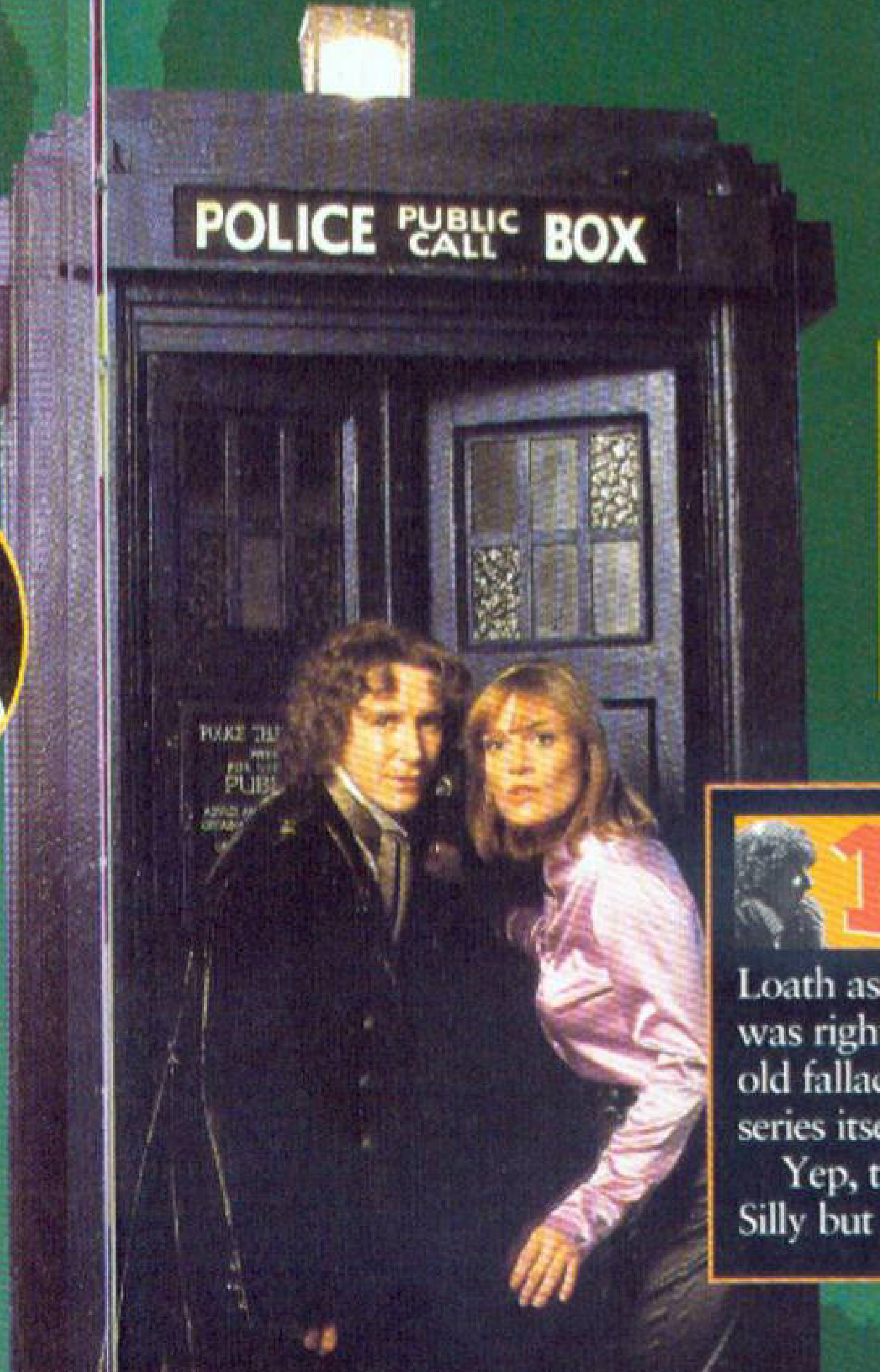
We're indebted to *TV Zone* for their use of this howler. Sure, writers Rob Grant and Doug Naylor said they wanted to feature the metal meanies in a *Red Dwarf Comic Relief* sketch, but that's as far as it went.

Well, what did you expect? Even *Doctor Who* couldn't get the Daleks for its charity episodes.

13 *Kinda* was written by popular songstress Kate Bush.

This was a right corker, spread by a group of fans who seem to have decided it on the basis that the video for Ms Bush's 1981 single *Sat in your Lap* contained Quantel-generated camera zooms into her eye (like *Kinda*) and had an anti-colonial theme (like *Kinda*). Further, the video for her next single *The Dreaming* (oooh, a bit *Kinda*-ey that) saw the flaxen-haired beauty dancing in an eighties-style Cyberman suit, (minus the head and chest unit, sadly), which is also very, erm, *Earthshock*-ey.

Strange but true. Sadly, however, after exhaustive research (we looked at the credits), we can reveal that *Kinda* was in fact written by . . . Christopher Bailey. Yes, really.



14 It's not pronounced "Macra"; it's "Mar-cra".

We assume that whoever used to persistently claim this has now heard the BBC Audio release and decided to shut up about it.

15 The "D" in TARDIS stands for "Dimensions".

Loath as we are to admit that the US TV Movie was right about *something*, it did correct an age-old fallacy which had been oft-repeated in the series itself (from as early as *The Time Meddler*).

Yep, the "D" stands for "Dimension" singular. Silly but true.

16 Several episodes of an early, aborted Hartnell story called *The Hidden Planet* were filmed.

This originates from an April Fool's joke in **Doctor Who Monthly** 76. New footage, it was claimed, would be filmed to allow Davison and Hartnell to co-star in a story called *The Phoenix Rises*. They happily glossed over the fact that the earlier stuff would be in black and white – but people believed it, to the extent of mentioning it in letters to the magazine which went cruelly uncorrected. Even when *The Phoenix Rises* was conspicuously not made, some people believed the *Hidden Planet* material existed.

It doesn't.

THE PHOENIX RISES

17 Jackie Lane, who played companion Dodo, was born in New York and worked there under the name of Jocelyn Lane.

As if **Doctor Who Weekly**'s photofiles didn't contain enough gaffes already, they somehow managed to create an entirely fictitious history for one star of the show. They hastily apologised, but the story reappeared some years later in Gary Downie's *The Doctor Who Cookbook*.

We wonder how that happened.

18 The Pertwee UNIT stories were set in the eighties.

The stunning discovery of a line to the contrary in the studio rushes of *Vampire from Space* (which became *The Claws of Axos*) shows that even the production team didn't believe this. Well, not always. It might have made sense at the time to imagine that, as the events depicted in *Doctor Who* couldn't have happened without the whole world knowing about them, they were actually set a few years hence. But now that a quarter of a century has passed without any Auton invasions, evacuations of London due to dinosaur infestations, etc, it's all pretty much academic.

Not to say, of course, that the series didn't drop one or two Clangers in this area.

19 The first episode was delayed for ten minutes by news of Kennedy's assassination.

As we now know, it was considerably less. Blimey, if you are going to worry about the precise start time of the first episode, you might at least get it right.

20 Much of *Doctor Who*'s appeal lies in its cheapness.

An idea advanced by certain sections of the media who fail to consider that good scripts might play a part too. They've obviously never suffered the crushing embarrassment of having parents walk into the room just as a cheapo monster shambles onto the screen with only a thin yellow line to separate it from a crudely photographed backdrop.

Send in the CLOWNS!

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS

CHAPTER ELEVEN – SEASON TWENTY-FIVE

Doctor Who's longest-serving producer continues his revealing account of his years with the series

It seemed to me that the second season of any new Doctor was always hard to generate much publicity for. I had hoped that the decision to make a Dalek story, and place it first on our transmission list, would get *Doctor Who*'s twenty-fifth season in the newspapers. The Daleks certainly did the trick!

REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS

I had always thought that I got on well with Terry Nation. I knew how upset he was when his creations, the Daleks, were used out of context. Whenever a request to use the Daleks in, say, another TV show was made to the *Doctor Who* office, I was adamant that, even if I thought the appearance was appropriate, Mr Nation's agents were always contacted – copyright in the Daleks, of course, being shared equally between the BBC and their creator. Consequently, I was shocked and dismayed when I was told that the permission we'd sought to use the Daleks in this story might be refused.

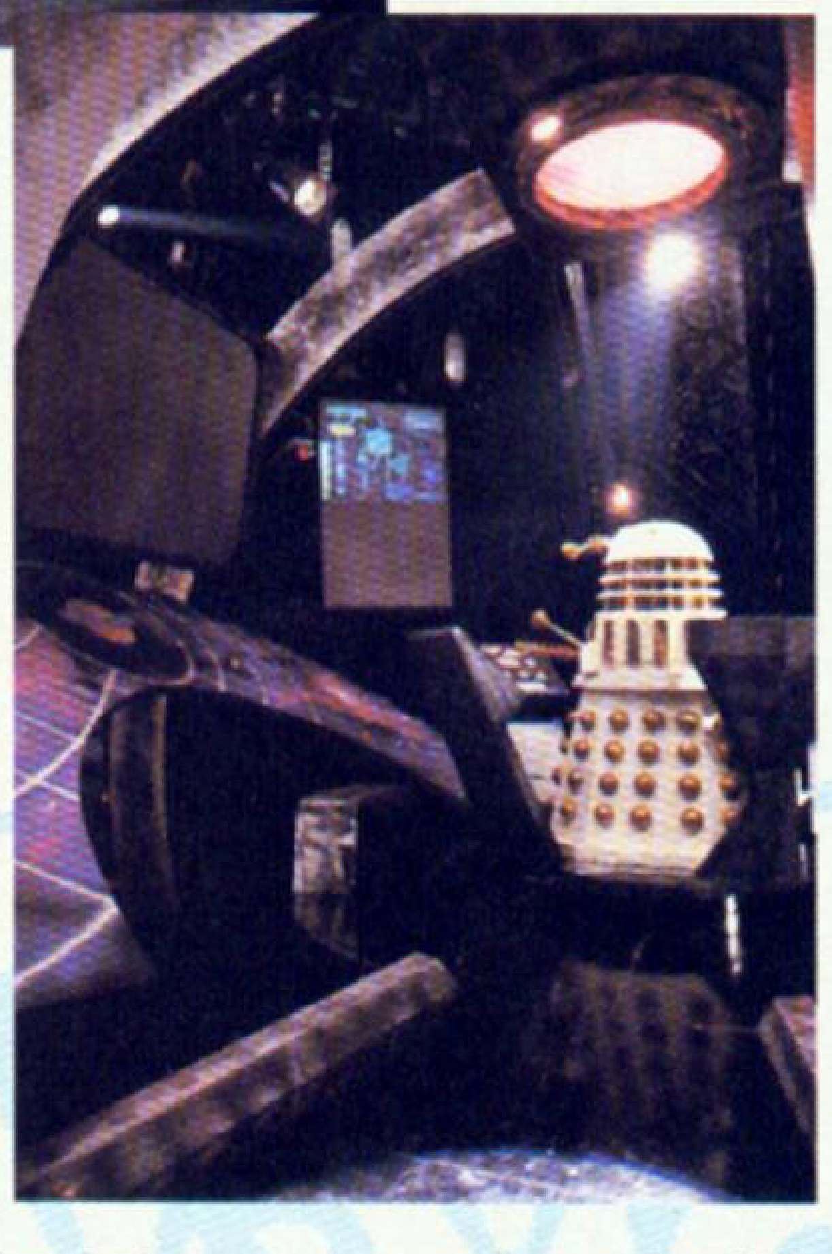
Terry and his management team felt that neither the Daleks nor Davros featured strongly enough in the script. It didn't seem appropriate to point out the Daleks' physical or conversational limitations, so I did a heavy Uriah Heep act instead. The deal went through, thank goodness. I liked the script and I admired the work that both Ben Aaronovitch, the writer, and Andrew Cartmel, my script editor, had put into it. I still feel the continuity in this story is excellent. It doesn't alienate an audience of more recent viewers, yet for those who know much about the Doctor's first story, his origins, the established history of the Daleks and, indeed, Davros, it is a positive bonus. I feel sure it was Ben's idea, with encouragement from both Andrew and myself, to dispel the long-standing joke that the simplest way to escape the Daleks was to run sharply upstairs. I had thought that it was a mistake for the Doctor to point out this shortcoming in *Destiny of the Daleks*. The Dalek rising up the cellar steps in *Remembrance* is a terrific cliffhanger.

Simon Williams joined us for this story, playing Group Captain Gilmore. In the script, there was a stage direction which read: "Gilmore takes out his chunky revolver." On location, as he was receiving the revolver, Simon was heard to say to the armourer, "It is a Chunky, isn't it?" – as if a 'Chunky' were as well-known as a Smith and Wesson. Much hilarity followed, and whenever Simon was required on the set thereafter, members of the cast and crew could be heard saying "Where's Chunky?" Hence the on-screen "Chunky" aside that the Doctor shares with Ace. A little in-joke, but one that does no harm. 'Sam' Williams, as he's known, and Sylvester got on extremely well, and I remember the two of them shouting insults at planes flying over the junkyard location near Kew Bridge. Though appearing perfect for our needs, the yard was on a main Heathrow flight path!

Playing Mike Smith was Dursley McLinden, whom I'd seen in a play in London – which, incidentally, had also featured Nicola Bryant. He was splendid and I recommended him to director Andrew Morgan. Although his character had to drive, Dursley didn't. It wasn't a great problem until we realised Dursley couldn't even start a car, nor change gears, without endless takes!

One of our initial problems on this story was that the production

Main picture: The Chief Clown (Ian Reddington) in *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy.* Photo © BBC



Above: The Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) traces the source of the Daleks' transmat signal in *Remembrance of the Daleks.*

Right: An Imperial Dalek on the bridge of the mother ship from the same story. Photos © BBC Video

manager had got rather behind in finding a suitably secluded and quiet establishment to double as Coal Hill School circa 1963. As a result, barring photographs, director Andrew Morgan only got to see the eventual location on the day before the camera recce itself. Unfortunately, Andrew realised that the allocated production manager was hard of hearing and the school selected was virtually underneath the Hammersmith flyover!

Because of the late decisions we'd made about the locations, we brought in a second production manager, Ian Fraser, to run the shoot itself, while the original PM concentrated on the location details. Ian is experienced, tough, drives the unit along, and generally gets the show done on time. Now, whenever a major shot is being recorded, there is absolutely no point in saying loudly, "Is everyone ready?" You can't, after all, expect everyone to yell out in unison, "Yes!" The usual prelude to starting recording is, therefore, "Is there anyone *not* ready?"

There was a major sequence being set up at the school one day. Time was getting on, and Ian could see quite clearly that there was still preparatory work going on in certain departments, but he wanted to know what was causing the delay. When he yelled, "Is there anyone not ready?" there was no response. He repeated his query. Still no response, so, throwing his eyes up to heaven, he sang the lyrics of an old song at full volume: "Answer me, oh my loves, just what sin have I been guilty of?" Laughs, which broke any prevailing tension, were followed by a list of requests for more from the 'singing PM'.

Much has been written about the battle under Waterloo Bridge which set off the station's alarm system. Although we had previously warned the emergency services what we'd be doing, a stream of fire engines, ambulances and police cars turned up. It was funny at the time, and not just in retrospect. My only concern was that because so many car alarms had been set off too by the explosions – some at least a mile away – that the cars might have been left for the day and we'd never get their alarms turned off at all! We were very, very lucky, but, of course, anyone in the area who didn't know beforehand that *Doctor Who* was on location certainly did thereafter, and we were besieged by people of all ages coming to watch the spectacle.

I was extremely pleased with this story. At the very beginning was a mix of speeches and soundtrack contemporary to 1963. Originally a Bob Dylan song was to be featured. When we explored permission for this, I was informed that Bob Dylan was a great *Doctor Who* fan and would be delighted for his song to be included at no charge whatsoever. A very flattering gesture – but in the end Andrew Morgan and I decided not to include this particular item.

Sorry, Bob!

THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY

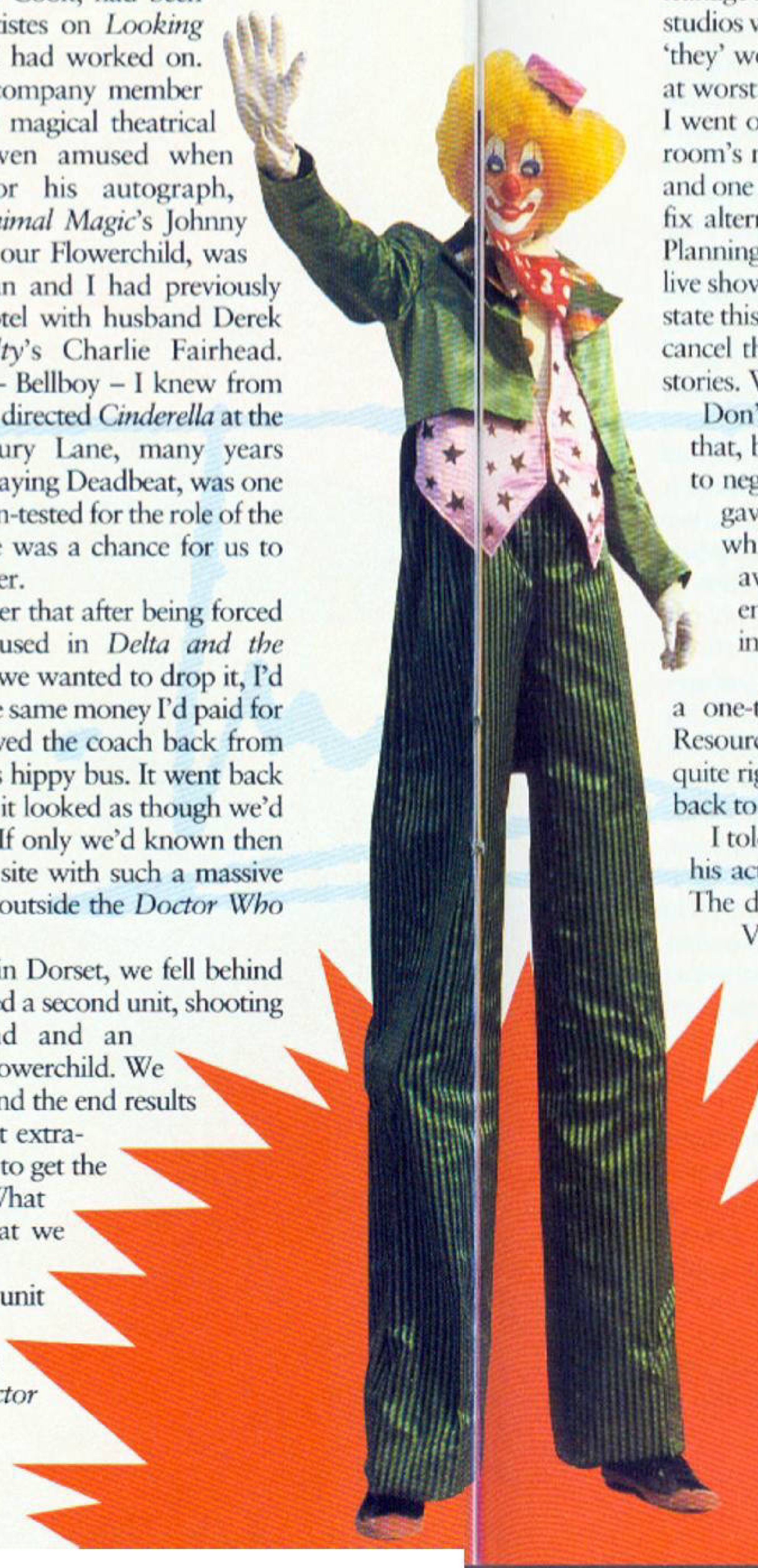
I'd always wanted to do a *Doctor Who* story set at a circus; Andrew and I asked Stephen Wyatt to come up with a treatment. Alan Wareing, the director, loved the script and did an excellent job on it. Like Alan, I thought Stephen delivered a splendid script – although I know some people felt that the character Whizzkid was a caricature of *Doctor Who* fans. They missed the point. Whizzkid was a caricature of *any* fanatic, anyone who has an all-consuming interest in anything. Stephen and I were, at the time, working on a project about such a person: a marvellous one-off play, which sadly has not yet been made. Maybe that's why he included the character. I don't remember. I do remember, though, casting Gian Samarcco in the part; he'd made such an impact in *The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole*, and we all thought him ideal.

We auditioned a lot of actresses for the part of Mags, who would become a werewolf during the course of the story. Most appeared self-conscious and too feline. Then I remembered Jessica Martin. I'd only seen her on TV, doing sketches and impressions, but I knew she did a wide variety of voice-overs. She came in to see both Alan and myself; I must admit, I had been expecting someone taller and much older to arrive. However, she auditioned for us, convinced us that we were about to be attacked by a werewolf, and we offered her the part.

The rest of the cast Alan and/or I knew well. TP McKenna, who played Captain Cook, had been one of the guest artistes on *Looking For Clancy*, which I had worked on. He is a wonderful company member and regaled us with magical theatrical stories. He was even amused when someone asked for his autograph, thinking TP was *Animal Magic*'s Johnny Morris! Dee Sadler, our Flowerchild, was someone whom Alan and I had previously met in the Bush Hotel with husband Derek Thompson, *Casualty*'s Charlie Fairhead. Christopher Guard – Bellboy – I knew from when I'd written and directed *Cinderella* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, many years before. Chris Jury, playing Deadbeat, was one of the actors I'd screen-tested for the role of the seventh Doctor; here was a chance for us to actually work together.

You may remember that after being forced to buy the coach used in *Delta and the Bannermen* because we wanted to drop it, I'd afterwards sold it on to Exhibitions for the same money I'd paid for it; it was stored in Wales. Well, I borrowed the coach back from them and had it painted up as this story's hippy bus. It went back to be stored and, a year or so later, when it looked as though we'd never find a home for it, it was crushed. If only we'd known then that we'd end up with a suitable Welsh site with such a massive forecourt, it would currently be residing outside the *Doctor Who* exhibition in Llangollen.

Despite fantastic weather on location in Dorset, we fell behind schedule. To help Alan catch up, I operated a second unit, shooting various kites, some clowning around and an enchanting scene between Bellboy and Flowerchild. We had time to experiment with this scene, and the end results were such that I realised even more what extraordinary conditions we all worked under to get the series done on time and within budget. What a shame we couldn't spend the time that we spent on that scene on every other one.



Centre: One of the android clowns from *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy.* Photo © BBC

Our end-of-location-shoot party at the unit hotel included the then-traditional cabaret. The leading light was Jessica Martin, who did an act all about *Doctor Who*, featuring impressions of many of the ladies who'd appeared in the show's past – and present, for she included Sophie Aldred, make-up artist Helen, and our production manager, Susannah Shaw. The general consensus was that this was one of the most happy groups of cast and crew ever assembled. Everyone, without exception, was eagerly looking forward to the studio sessions remaining.

Left: Preparing to record in the circus ring for *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy.* Photo © BBC

And then the show was pulled.

Can you imagine the potential effects of a cancellation on a rehearsal room full of actors and production staff working away at something they were thoroughly enjoying? I had informed Alan of the problem – an asbestos leakage had been found at the Television Centre studios where we were due to record. I'd told him that I didn't think 'they' would cancel the sessions, and that we might be postponed at worst. But then they pulled the show. That day I'll never forget. I went out to the 'Acton Hilton' and operated from the rehearsal room's minute production office: one phone, one desk, one table, and one chair. After much to-ing and fro-ing by telephone trying to fix alternative remount dates, I received a call from Programme Planning which said: "The pressure of maintaining transmission of live shows and/or prestigious epics means we have no place to reinstate this particular *Doctor Who* story, so, reluctantly, I suggest you cancel this story and wait to hear the effects on your subsequent stories. We'll be in touch."

Don't get me wrong. I'm sure it wasn't quite as impersonal as that, but the conversation left no room to manoeuvre, no room to negotiate, and I hit the roof. I swore, I was emotional, and I gave my colleague from Planning a lecture on artistic integrity which culminated in a fulsome spiel about how, being so far away from production, Planning had lost all sight of the entertainment industry in general and programme-making in particular. They were Philistines!

A third voice came on the line. Listening in was Ben Rea, a one-time producer who was, by now, Head of Planning Resources. He said something like, "John, it's Ben. I think you're quite right, and we'll take this back to the drawing board and get back to you. Don't forget that I was a programme-maker myself!"

I told Alan Wareing to continue rehearsing and say nothing to his actors until we knew more. Rumours flew back and forth. The designer came out to the Hilton. Costume, Make-up and Visual Effects were ringing to pass on their condolences, having been told "the show's off". "Not yet, it isn't!" I replied. By now my secretary was installed in that pathetic little office over at the rehearsal block. Every single TV Centre production was in jeopardy and every producer eyed one another nervously as we congregated in the canteen. The designer, David Laskey, said that we could manage with a smaller studio; he and his assistant could re-do the plans very quickly.

Ben Rea rang back. "You're still in the plan, John, but there's no studio for you at all."

The designer said that we should do it in a tent in a field he knew somewhere off the M40, but then the Director-General then declared, "All remounts must be done on BBC premises – or be abandoned!"

"We can put the tent anywhere, even the *Blue Peter* garden, for heaven's sake," I told Planning.

All this went on and on. Then the designer had a stroke of genius. "Elstree! They've got so many car parks, there's bound to be room there."

The associate checked it out. I went back to planning with the proposal: instead of in studio, we would shoot the remaining material as an Outside Broadcast (and our regular OB crew was available too, we'd discovered) in a tent in the BBC Elstree car park!

After a late-night meeting with Planning at the Acton Hilton, it was agreed. By the following morning, Alan had approved the plan, and the logistics were starting to be co-ordinated. We were definitely going to finish this story! This was not going to be another *Shada*!

The 'tent' was a sort of huge mobile home with a special floor. It wasn't soundproof, however. We placed staff at either end of the studio road to control traffic, but most of the retakes were for sound purposes. This shoot was like a Mickey Rooney/Judy Garland film: "Let's do the show right here!" became our motto. The clowns rigged up rehearsal bars adjacent to the BBC club and restaurant to practise their tricks. Both *EastEnders* and *'Allo 'Allo* were in production at the studios, as was *Top of the Pops*. Pop stars popped in and stood for ages watching what had clearly once been their favourite show; grey-suited executives were present in abundance, and were impressed by our efficiency. In many areas of the industry this 'drive-in' method is now standard. We just ploughed on, determined to get the show in the can.

Chris Jury was one of the actors I'd screen-tested for the role of the seventh Doctor.

A close relative of Susannah Shaw's died suddenly, and she rushed off to Bristol to deal with the problem. Gary Downie was having a coffee in the tea bar, having taken time out from preparing for our next two stories to see how the tent operation worked. Before he knew it, the Associate had put a script in his hands and said, "Can you take over?" Before he could answer, she added, "I'll talk to your director, just get in there. We can't wait two hours for the department to send someone over. Camera rehearsal's about to start."

We got though it by the skin of our teeth thanks to everyone's efforts. The only sadness was that by mistake the model shot of the collapsing arena, which had looked splendid, wasn't recorded. The tapes simply weren't running when the operator said that they were. Fortunately, both the Visual Effects and Design teams' efforts on the floor had been so good that the model shots weren't actually missed.

Because of the extraordinary events that surrounded this show, and the sheer grit and enthusiasm of so many dedicated people, especially Alan Wareing and his team, this story is one of my favourites. We fought tooth and nail for it, and it has a special place in my affections.

Left: Deadbeat (Chris Jury), Ace (Sophie Aldred) and Mags (Jessica Martin) uncover the secrets of *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy.* Photo © BBC

Right: Emergency production manager Gary Downie oversees Sylvester McCoy's magic tricks in *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*. Photo © BBC; The Doctor and Ace visit the Waiting Zone in *The Happiness Patrol*; the Pipe People take refuge with their new allies Earl Sigma (Richard D Sharp), Susan Q (Lesley Dunlop) and the Doctor. Photos © BBC Video

SILVER NEMESIS

I had tried to get approval for a special one-off show to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of *Doctor Who*. My proposal, however, was turned down. I decided to include in Season Twenty-Five a story that we could call the Silver Anniversary show proper; *Silver Nemesis* was the result.

Anton Diffring was an obvious choice for De Flores and a joy to have around – he was a little unkind about the script, albeit in a very jovial way. When we moved our location to Worthing, we stayed at the Beach Hotel, which was very old fashioned, reeked of Eau de Cologne and Devon Violets, and was chiefly occupied by old ladies. Anton arrived before everyone else and informed the production manager: "I love it at this hotel. I am the youngest here!"

We'd offered Fiona Walker parts in the show before, but the dates had never quite worked out until this story. Fiona is married to one of the great TV directors, Herbert Wise (I'd once tried to persuade Herbie, the director of *I, Claudius*, to do a *Doctor Who*, but to no avail). Nevertheless I was delighted that both Fiona and Gerard Murphy, hot foot from the RSC, were to join us as Lady Peinforte and Richard.

The corgis were extremely frisky; out-takes show them preparing for their own royal family

Dolores Gray, of course, was and is a Hollywood and Broadway legend. I think her casting was director Chris Clough's idea; Dolores liked the part, and we engaged her. We decided that we should go to London's Shaftesbury Theatre where she was appearing in the musical *Follies*. Sylvester, Chris and I went to see the show while we were filming the first section of the story near Greenwich. We got to the theatre by the skin of our teeth, racing straight from the location.

Afterwards we all visited Dolores and broke the ice. Also in *Follies* was Enlightenment's Lynda Baron. I popped along to see her as well; she'd noted my appearance in the fourth row from the minute she came on stage! Now I've said before that showbusiness is a very small world; in that show alone there were four other people I'd worked with – most of them on *Doctor Who* – and I received messages from all four to say that they were slightly miffed I hadn't popped back to their dressing rooms to say 'hello'. This is why, and all my friends will back me up, I detest going backstage at theatres – you can't please them all, and you always offend someone.

Below: Sophie Aldred on location for Season Twenty-Five. Photo © BBC Video

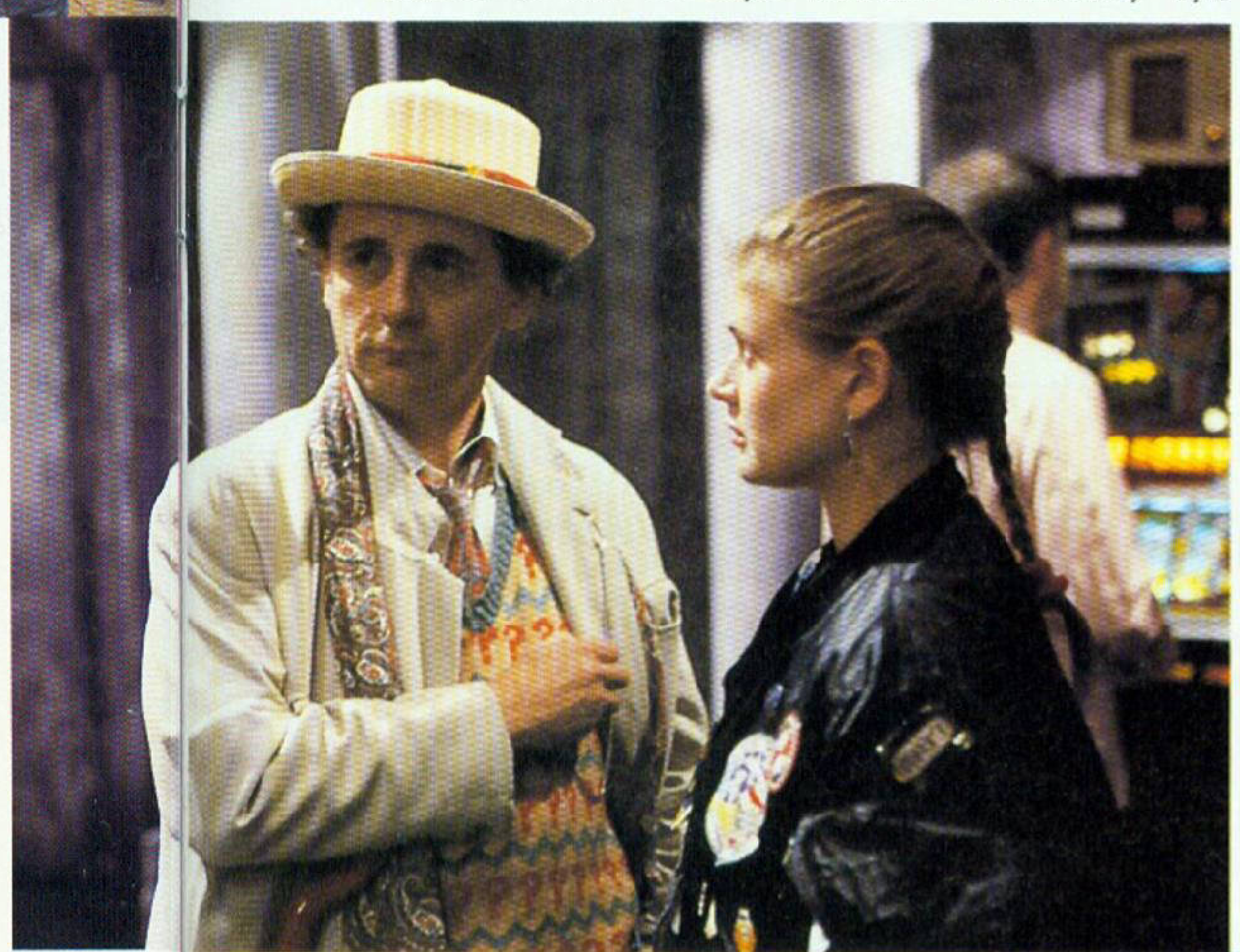
We had a dress made for the American tourist, Mrs Remington. Miss Gray wanted red – she'd wanted red in *Follies*, but not been allowed – and we hired Miss Gray's own furs and jewels. I had made an arrangement with the *Daily Mail*, through our press and publicity officers, to give the newspaper exclusive pictures of Miss Gray, Sylvester and the limo. This was to be done at lunchtime with the artistes' blessing.

During the morning a London taxi cab appeared pootling along the road where we were filming the scene in which Lady Peinforte and Richard meet the skinheads. I recognised the driver, and more importantly, the passenger: Gary Levy. Now it just so happens that the latest issue of Levy's magazine *DWB* had been shown around the set the previous day; cast and crew alike had been horrified by some of the personal comments and so on within. I advised the four actors of the arrival of the London taxi and its occupants. All four said that they did not want to be photographed by this magazine. Gary Levy stayed at a distance. Strictly speaking you can't stop the press from taking photos of anything, but some would argue that the publication in question at that time was not *bona fide* press. Anyway, without any request whatsoever from anyone on the production team, the lighting van backed up and huge sheets of white polystyrene – usually used for reflecting what little light there is on dark days – were held up, totally surrounding the action. I wish I could have seen the faces of the London taxi occupants, but even my monitor was swamped by the white poly.

The unit then moved to the private estate of the Duke of Norfolk. The two visitors tried to follow at a distance. Every time you turned round they'd moved nearer. Requests both polite and impolite were ignored. The *Daily Mail* photographer arrived and asked who the paparazzi were. I said it was a fan magazine. He wasn't convinced, and kept going off to call his editor. And when we did the photo-shoot in the lunch-break, I kept reassuring him that this was still an exclusive. I think I knew deep down that the damage had already been done, but hoped for the best. The photos, which were stunning, never appeared in any *Mail* publication as far as I know. Allegedly, *DWB* used a young child to get pictures, suspecting, quite rightly, that any of us would pose for a picture for a youngster. On the day, having refused to leave the location we were renting, and claiming public rights of way to pass through – but standing still – they were eventually escorted from the estate by a shotgun-toting gamekeeper. We didn't see them again.

Many people have asked why so many Equity and Writers Guild members made up the troop of visitors at 'Windsor Castle'. The answer, dear reader, you will find hard to believe, but it is true. *Again* I thought – and I had been led to understand – that this was to be my farewell to *Who*. So we contacted the various directors, associates, producers, writers, and production managers who held the necessary union cards, and took them out on a fun day by coach as part of my farewell. And that is the truth!

Via his equerry, I had suggested that Prince Edward might care to appear in this story; with half a dozen lines, he was to play himself. I got a ticking-off because there is a special royal liaison office at the BBC and all such requests should be made through them. I was aware of its existence, but was under the misapprehension that they merely arranged liaison for location shoots on royal premises, and did not deal with individuals. I don't think that the prince was offended. His equerry wrote back to say that Edward was most amused by the idea, but nevertheless had to decline the offer. We decided instead to use one of Her Majesty the Queen's look-a-likes. Mary Reynolds was chosen; to our surprise Jeannette Charles, perhaps the most famous Betty Windsor double, rang to complain that she not been selected. Very regal in her complaint she was too. We were most amused!



We couldn't shoot at Windsor Castle; no dramas of any kind are allowed to film the royal residence. Documentary style programmes, however, are a different matter, so we used a wide shot of the castle from *Songs of Praise*, and shot our programme at Arundel Castle instead. John Asbridge, the designer, had a keen eye for detail, and we were much amused by his precise placing of a pair of green wellington boots and an expensive headscarf next to the archway door through which HM passed. The corgis were extremely frisky; out-takes show them preparing for their own royal family in living colour.

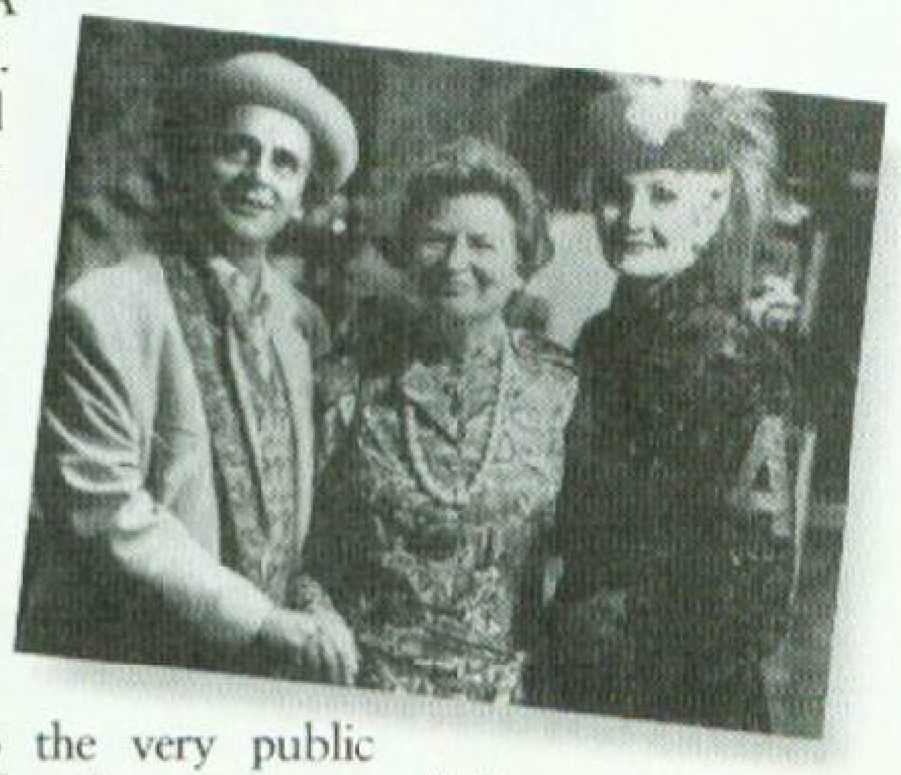
John and Dave Ould, the twins who played the 'Walkmen', were great fun; they finished each other's sentences and had once been bodyguards for the Krays. What a pity they hadn't been on location when that London taxi arrived – although the two actors playing the skinheads had offered to 'sort out' the intruders by rather primitive means.

THE HAPPINESS PATROL

The set, I think, should be discussed first. The whole place was supposed to be a facade, pretending to be something that it wasn't. The design was splendid as an idea, splendid on paper, but looked wrong on the studio floor. *Doctor Who* is constantly criticised for its 'cardboard scenery' and 'sets that wobble' – allegations I most definitely refute! – but this was one story where that was actually what had been intended. When we got to the studio, however, it looked rather like we'd run out of money, which we hadn't. Much additional and unplanned work was done to the sets and, at my behest, Andrew Cartmel added a few lines of pertinent explanatory dialogue to the Doctor and Ace's arrival scene.

I had last worked with Sheila Hancock, who played the tyrannical Helen A, at Drury Lane some 15 years before and she remembered it vividly! We recorded the story entirely in the studio, and on Sheila's first day, she came up to me in the tea bar, clutching an enormously thick camera script. "Do you really think," she said, "we can do all this material in three days? 'Cos my husband John [Thaw] thinks it's impossible." "Oh, yes," I said, "and you'll be finished today before 5.30pm." She looked at me in total disbelief. But I was right and Sheila won a bet that she'd had with John!

Helen A's ghastly hound Fifi was a marvellous creature designed and built by Sue Moore and Steve Mansfield. At one of the planning meetings, Chris Clough had remarked that in certain key scenes Fifi should appear ferocious and frightening. Sue Moore, known as 'Foghorn Lil' due to her loud voice and forthright opinions, shrieked: "You can make a cardboard box look frightening if the director shoots it right!" After a long pause, and a few intakes of breath, we all laughed. Lil blushed. At the story's climax was a lovely high shot where Helen A discovers the mortally-wounded Fifi. Sheila brought out tears on the final take, and when it was announced that the take was acceptable, Sheila roared with laughter and said: "That was quite an achievement. I hate dogs!"



Above: Novelist and BBC Governor PD James meets Sylvester McCoy and Sheila Hancock on the set of *The Hapiness Patrol*. Photo © BBC

The Kandyman was designed, strangely perhaps, by make-up designer Dorka Nieradzik, who is of East European extraction. We all approved her design and the notion that it looked rather like Bertie Bassett didn't occur to anyone. So the very public complaint we received from Bassetts after the story's transmission surprised us all. It all blew over, especially when Dorka pointed out that they didn't have liquorice allsorts in Hungary, or wherever! Still, it was all good publicity for *Doctor Who*, and perhaps even for Bassetts.

We had a special visitor on one studio day – PD James, the famous novelist, then a member of the BBC's Board of Governors. She'd insisted on including *Doctor Who* on her tour of TV Centre, apparently; she came in, visited the gallery, and chatted with Sheila and Sylvester. When Special Services suggested that it was time she should leave in order to watch the news going out live, Phyllis said: "Oh no, I'm not leaving yet, not without meeting the monster!" So she waited until David John Pope – the Kandyman – had finished his scene and chatted away to him before heading for the news studio, which was by now in mid-transmission.

This story comes in for some unnecessary flak, I feel. It is stylised, and deliberately so. It explores an area that is worth exploring. I can't say it's a particular favourite, but there are many things within it that I like. Graeme Curry was a new writer then and he certainly has a great talent. I loved the idea that happiness is only of value if one can experience its reverse.

All in all, I was pleased with this season. All we needed, as ever, was more time and more money, but I'm sure you don't want me to get on to that hobby-horse again. Pastures new for JNT, I thought for the umpteenth time. But then Peter Cregeen, the Head of Department, called me into his office and said . . .

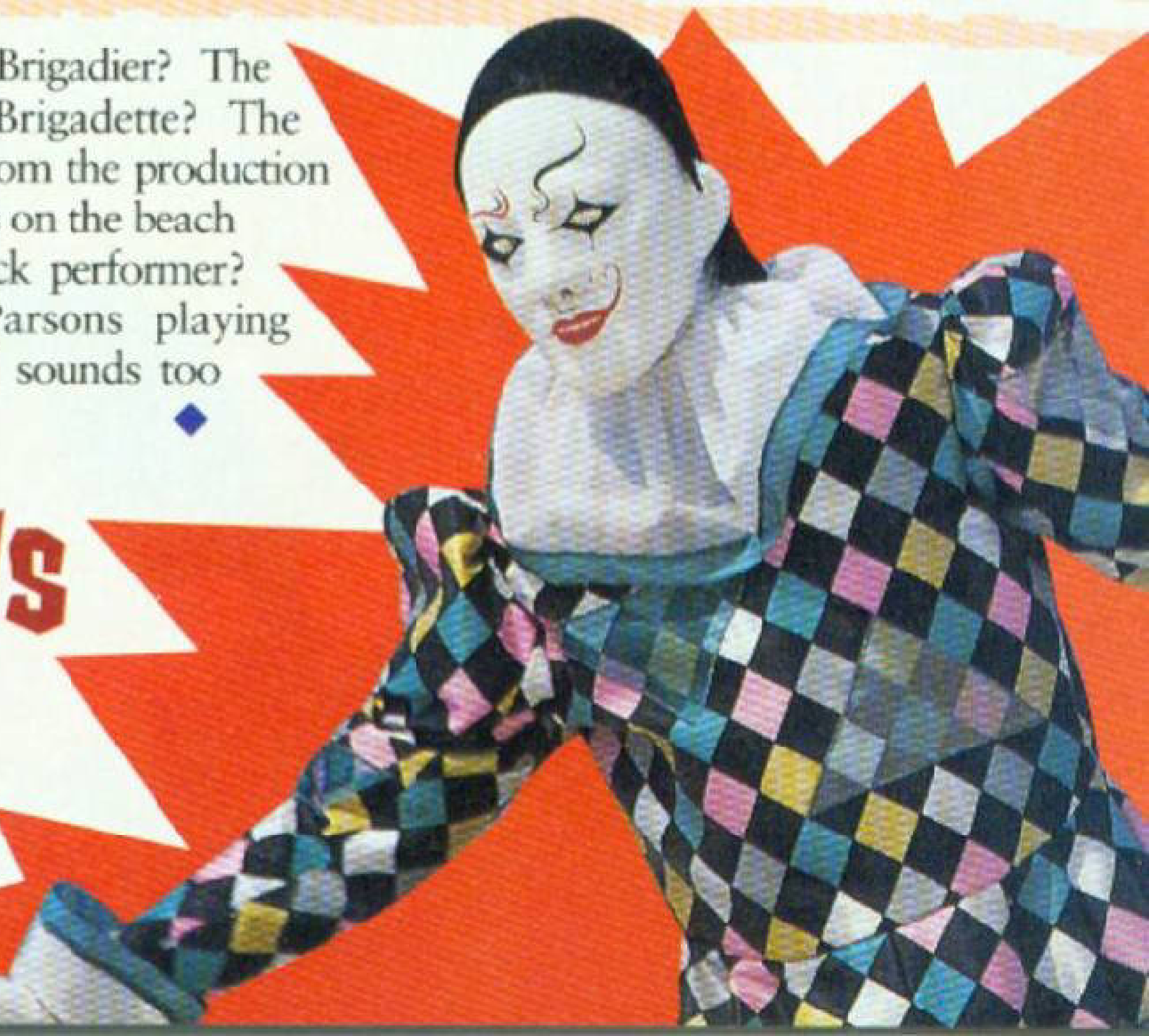
Ah well, you all know by now what he said, and there's here's no point going over the same old ground, so let's just say that under duress I agreed to produce the twenty-sixth season of *Doctor Who*, remembering perhaps those Pertwee words of wisdom: "Do the best you can, take the money on Friday and buy yourself something nice!" So what, dear reader, might Season Twenty-Six bring?

The death of the Brigadier? The introduction of the Brigadette? The borrowing of a baby from the production office's local? Barbecues on the beach and 'whiting up' a black performer? Oh, and Nicholas Parsons playing a vicar? Surely this all sounds too far-fetched . . .

◆

All we needed, as ever, was more time and more money

Below: Another android clown from *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*. Photo © BBC Video



Fluid Links

by **Matthew Jones**

Kid's stuff?

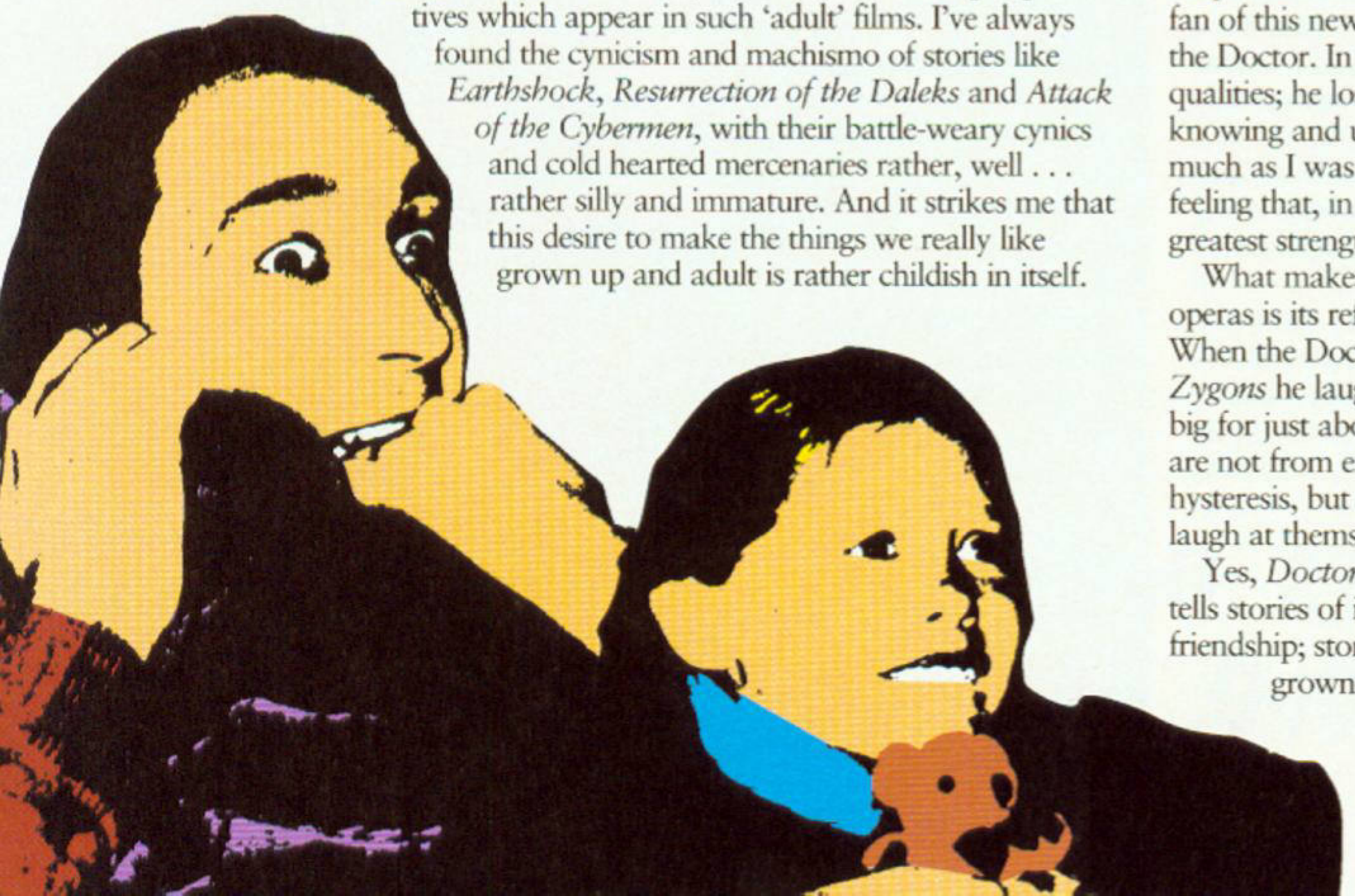
We all know the phrase – it was printed on the back of the Target novelizations for years: "The children's own programme which adults adore." But is *Doctor Who* really a kid's programme?

My knee-jerk reaction is to staunchly deny the association. We fans have a rather a lot invested in *Doctor Who* not being a children's programme, not being kid's stuff. It is *drama*, we insist. It was always made by the Drama Department of the BBC we tell the mistaken non-fan viewer, who has committed the unforgivable sin of lumping our favourite television programme in with *The Tomorrow People* or *Super Ted*. We don't want it to be a children's programme, because, I suspect, this might reflect badly upon us. By saying it's not a children's programme we are trying to make a distinction between *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* and *Galloping Galaxies!*, between *Doctor Who and the Silurians* and *Simon and the Witch* and, heaven forbid, *Pyramids of Mars* and the *Mighty Morph'n Power Rangers*.

> ***Doctor Who*** **is at its best when it allows us to see the world from a childlike perspective**

But what exactly is wrong with children's television anyway? I suspect that what is really at stake is that we don't want the programme and ourselves to be considered childish. Unsurprising really when to be 'childish' is described in my dictionary as being "immature and silly". However, next to childish in the dictionary is the word 'childlike', defined as "innocence and frankness". Now innocence and frankness strike me as extremely fitting descriptions of the ethos of *Doctor Who*. The Doctor himself is both innocent and honest. Entering each situation with fresh eyes, and being free of any vested interest, he is able to speak the truth which shocks and frequently annoys those he meets.

I think there is a continuing danger that we conflate 'adultness' with an adult video classification. In our desire for the programme not to be silly and childish, we are in danger of confusing depictions of people running around with guns and lots and lots of gory death as being adult just because it requires a higher certificate from the censors. But if we stop and think about this for a moment it becomes patently ridiculous. I mean, are horror films adult? Is *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* grown-up? Is *Under Siege* mature? And, most frightening of all, this seems to imply that being grown up is somehow related to the cynical characters and perspectives which appear in such 'adult' films. I've always found the cynicism and machismo of stories like *Earthshock*, *Resurrection of the Daleks* and *Attack of the Cybermen*, with their battle-weary cynics and cold hearted mercenaries rather, well . . . rather silly and immature. And it strikes me that this desire to make the things we really like grown up and adult is rather childish in itself.



For me, *Doctor Who* is at its best when it allows us to see the world from a childlike perspective – when it tells tales of innocence and frankness. Stories like *Nightmare of Eden*, *The Happiness Patrol* and *Delta and the Bannermen* strike me as the opposite of the ones I've just mentioned. It is friendship and an attempt to do the right thing in adverse circumstances which make these stories so grown up and, bless them, so optimistic. It is the Doctor's ability not to resort to cynicism in the face of terror and brutality which makes these stories so adult. For it is in these stories where the villains are seen, not as powerful forces to be destroyed, but rather as sad and laughable as well as being dangerous. Strangely, it is precisely these stories which have been most criticized for being immature and silly. I suspect this is because they look like children's television programmes. All three echo powerful children's images: *The Muppet Show*, Bertie Bassett and *Hi-de-Hi!* respectively. But beneath the colourful surface lie powerful, honest stories. Much of *Delta and the Bannermen* is motivated by Ray's concern for Billy, and in *The Happiness Patrol*, the story's power is in the Doctor's ability to make Helen A face her real feelings after years of her suppressing them under a shell of superficial happiness. Mercenaries, soldiers and people who are out of touch of their feelings are not the heroes of these stories, they are the villains.

The late eighties witnessed a reinvention of children's heroes in supposedly more 'adult' visions. Words like 'darker', 'grittier', 'disaffected' were bandied about with an alarming frequency. Previously innocent superheroes were given psychopathic tendencies, larger cars and occasionally even a bulge in the front of their tights. Even that most camp and sexless of super-heroes, Batman, was recreated as the Dark Knight, dressed up in a rubber fetish suit and given more psychological problems than dear old Ace. The Doctor, of course, did not escape this treatment. And Andrew Cartmel, the script editor of the last three seasons of the programme and a big fan of this new wave in comics, hinted at a new 'adult' version of the Doctor. In several of the stories, the Doctor lost his childlike qualities; he lost his innocence and his frankness, he became all-knowing and unreadable, even on occasion actually deceitful. As much as I was intrigued and excited by this new vision, I can't help feeling that, in retrospect, it also undermined one of the show's greatest strengths.

What makes the programme so different from all the other space operas is its refusal to take its "power-mad conspirators" seriously. When the Doctor faces Broton in the final moments of *Terror of the Zygons* he laughs at his plans to take over the world: "Isn't it a bit big for just about the six of you?" The real dangers in the universe are not from exploding neutron stars or being trapped in a chronic hysteresis, but come from people who have lost the capacity to laugh at themselves.

Yes, *Doctor Who* *is* a children's programme. At its best, it tells stories of innocence and frankness, of commitment and friendship; stories of love. And, frankly, you can't get much more grown-up than that. ◆

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to
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THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE . . .

I was delighted to see that *Doctor Who* has won the BBC's "Auntie" award for Favourite Popular Drama. Well done to Peter Davison and Sylvester McCoy for their pointed remarks during the acceptance speech!

No doubt the BBC will claim that the award was swung by an organised campaign by various *Doctor Who* fan clubs. Which, if true, demonstrates the loyalty of the audience that the show attracts, and how deeply we care for it.

Richard Gregory
via e-mail.

DEPARTMENT W

Although I very much enjoyed the elements which made up Stephen Cartwright's excellent *Roots* feature (**DWM** 245), the space devoted to *The Avengers* overshadowed another sixties film series which I believe to be a far more significant influence on *Doctor Who*'s early colour seasons. The series I have in mind is *Department S*, an ITC/Scoton production. Filmed in 1968, it debuted on LWT in January 1969 and was transmitted sporadically through to September that year. Created by Dennis Spooner in association with Monty Berman, the eponymous Department S, supposedly an offshoot of Interpol, was established to investigate unexplained, illogical or bizarre crimes and incidents: a village where all the people have vanished; an astronaut collapsing in the streets of London; a skeleton found in the back of a chaffeur-driven car; a young man who is, in fact, sixty years old. The lead character was Jason King, a flamboyant, avuncular and occasionally arrogant writer of crime fiction. Played with great relish by Peter Wyngarde (*Planet of Fire*), he was usually called upon to lend his inquisitive nature and lateral thinking skills to each case (indeed, King was often to be found pursuing his own hobbies at the start of each episode). Investigations were generally assigned to the straight-laced-but-savvy Stewart Sullivan (Joel Fabiani); the principal trio was completed by cool-but-calculating, often mini-skirted computer whiz Annabelle Hurst. Played by Rosemary Nichols, her role became increasingly redundant as the series progressed. It is this format which I feel the Doctor/Brigadier/Liz line-up of Season Seven owes more than a passing nod to alongside, of course, the longer-running and more outlandish escapades of Steed, Mrs Peel, Tara, Mother *et al.*

Andrew Pixley
Nottingham.

I had to write and tell you what fun Issue 245 was. *It's Just the Same Old Story*, the surprisingly unmissable JNT memoirs, *Endgame* – a comic strip harking back to the glory days of Dave Gibbons (sniff) . . .

However, the article I liked most was *Roots*, perhaps because, after *Doctor Who*, there are few series I'm fonder of than the Flash Gordon serials, the Quatermass adventures, and *The Avengers*. And it's to your *10 episodes of* The Avengers *every* Doctor Who *fan should see* piece that I'd like to add a little extra – after all, a zillion bits of *Who* carry its influence, up to and including your latest comic strip!

Fog is incredibly like *Talons*' mock-Victoriana, even down to Patsy Smart's crumbly Cockney; writer Terry Nation proves to have a sense of humour when he satirises his own Daleks in *Thingumajig*; and *The Enemy of the World* borrows wholesale from *The Living Dead*. And how could you refer to *Robot* with mentioning the fact that Harry disguises himself as Steed, or the uncanny silmilarities it shares with *The Mauritius Penny*. And if the titular *House That Jack Built* isn't a TARDIS . . .

The biggest steal you missed, though, has to be *The Positive Negative Man*. With its mysterious stalking figure that kills with one touch, or burning files in a safe, not to mention people being 'magnetised' to an antique car – stand up, *The Ambassadors of Death*!

I only hope the next *Roots* feature is as lovely. Keep up the good work!

Alex Walcock
Docklands,
London.

ENEMY WITHOUT

At the Manopticon convention in May, Philip Segal revealed that the working title for the TV movie was "The Enemy Within". He also explained that the reason why this title never appeared on screen was so as not to confuse American viewers. Will **DWM**, therefore, be referring to the TV movie by this title from now on?

At least "The Enemy Within" sounds like a *Doctor Who* adventure (it was the working title for *The Invisible Enemy*, and the title of an unmade story by Christopher Priest). The fact that the title wasn't in the opening credits shouldn't be a problem – see the four distinct segments of *The Trial of a Time Lord* (*The Mysterious Planet*, *Mindwarp*, *The Vervoids* and *Time Inc*), and all the Hartnell stories up to and including *The Gunfighters*. In fact, it is only recently that the correct titles for some of the Hartnells – *100,000 BC*, for example – have been established.

In order to avoid the same confusion arising over the first McGann story in years to come, may I suggest that **DWM** adopts "The Enemy Within" as this story's official title. After all, if there is a sequel, it won't be called *Doctor Who The TV Movie II*, will it?

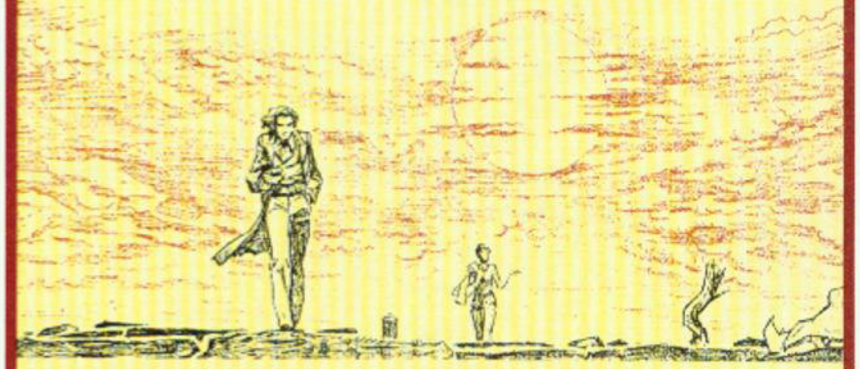
Andrew Evans
Cricklewood,
London.

Point of order, Andrew: the Hartnell titles you refer to have all been taken from camera scripts and so on, as have those Trial *titles. Without exception, all these titles were given on contemporaneous documentation – but nowhere does the "The Enemy Within" (or just "Enemy Within", according to some sources) appear on the script to the TV movie, nor on any other such documentation. It's not a working title at all, and appears to have been settled on after the event – and as* ►

Coming in 1997 . . .

The Keep Part One

The first of an all-new comic strip adventure: the Fifth Millenium, and the Transmat Wars rage ever on. It's the end of the end of the world, but Izzy can't stomach the future – and the Doctor's got a place in the sun . . .



Graham Williams

Beginning a major three-part series: six years after his untimely death, **DWM** presents a previously unpublished interview with the producer of perhaps the series' most popular adventures. Discover why Leela got married, the Doctor's dark side – and the mystery of the 200,000 missing K9s . . .

Roots

Continuing our examination of *Doctor Who*'s many influences, we turn our attention to the cinema screen: *The Wizard of Oz, I Married a Monster From Outer Space* . . . Bond and beyond, next month.

Plus . . . More from *The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs, The Sensorites* lurch out of the *Archive*, director Pennant Roberts on *Warriors of the Deep* and more, and – quite affirmatively – a very, *very* special guest goes *Out of the TARDIS!*

Issue 248
On sale 16th January!

such fails our very strict criteria (whatever other publications, or even its producer, may claim). No, Doctor Who *is the only title given for the TV movie, and that is how we will continue to refer to it (unless, of course, someone turns up a draft entitled, say, "Timing Malfunction". In which case . . .)*

And if there is a sequel with no subtitle, it will simply be referred to as the second *Paul McGann TV movie. So there.*

THE FINAL PROBLEM

At first I didn't recognise the similarities, but as the weeks flew by, it suddenly hit me. The *Doctor Who* TV movie is basically a rip-off!

Well, maybe rip-off is too harsh a term, but the similarities to *1994 Baker Street: Sherlock Holmes Returns* – a bizarre little TV movie made around four years ago and screened on satellite last year – are as noticeable as the Sixth Doctor's outfit in a snowstorm. I was quite dismayed. Funnily enough, *1994 Baker Street* – a Sherlock Holmes parody set in the twentieth century – was the pilot for a proposed series. So what are the similarities?

The Doctor's appearance and clothing: the Doctor has longish hair, and is clad in Victorian garb – just like Holmes. The Doctor befriends a female medical Doctor; so does Sherlock. *Doctor Who* was set in San Francisco – as is this Sherlock Holmes adventure. The Master, the Doctor's nemesis, is in town; in *1994 Baker Street*, Moriarty, Holmes' nemesis, is in town. Doctor Grace Holloway has boyfriend problems, as does Doctor Amy Winslow. The Doctor reforms a street urchin (Chang Lee) – so does the great detective (surprised?). In *Doctor Who*, the Doctor and Grace travel by motorbike, as do Sherlock and Amy in the earlier film.

There are more, enough to shake a sonic screwdriver at. But the Sherlock Holmes story is easy to understand; that's the only thing that *isn't* identical to the *Doctor Who* movie . . .

Dominic Watson
Halesworth,
Suffolk.

So cruel, Dominic! So cruel!

I enjoyed your recent article *It's Just the Same Old Story* pointing out the similarities between *Doctor Who* adventures, so I thought I'd have a go at it myself . . .

The Masque of Mandragora and the TV movie: A disembodied intelligence diverts the TARDIS (the console room of which appears to be more Gothic in style than ever before). Arriving on Earth, the intelligence posesses one of the locals. Despite showing an obsessive interest in his own footwear, the Doctor defeats the villain in a crypt-like room while everyone else is having a party.

Snakedance and the TV movie: an old enemy of the Doctor – a disembodied evil intelligence which appears in the form of a snake – diverts the TARDIS. The 'snake' posesses a humanoid, and then inviegles a young man to assist in its evil scheme. The Doctor confronts the being in a cavernous chamber while the local population celebrates an important anniversary . . .

The Deadly Assassin and the TV movie: TARDIS travelling to Gallifrey . . . Master's scheme to extend regenerative cycle . . . Doctor steals his clothes . . . Eye of Harmony, etc . . .

Sam Nelson
Crystal Palace,
London.

IAN WHEELER IS A VERY NICE MAN

Congratulations to Alan Barnes and company for producing a superb *Doctor Who* comic strip in *Endgame*. I was no great fan of the harsh realism of some of the Seventh Doctor strips, and it's nice to get back to a healthy bit of fantasy. It's especially nice to see the return of the Toymaker – more please!

Ian Wheeler
Harrogate,
Yorks.

Letters like this always, but always, *get printed.*

TOY STORIES

Having just read Gary's editorial in Issue 244, I felt compelled to write just to let you know what memories you have brought flooding back to me from the dim and distant days of my youth. Yep, I had *Doctor Who* toys as well.

There was the Doc himself, all smile, plastic curls and sonic screwdriver (which got lost within a week of purchase). There was the Giant Robot, which was the same size as the Doctor, strangely enough. I also had the 'magic' TARDIS which could make the Doc vanish and reappear by pressing two buttons – one red, one green – on the top (which completely ruined the look of the thing). I had three Daleks (a red talking one, a yellow battery-powered one and a push-along one) which meant that I had almost as many as the BBC could ever muster. Then there was the Cyberman, whose boots I lost and whose paint all fell off leaving him dressed in a flimsy white jumpsuit. I had K9 as well (minus tail, 'cos it broke off so easily). Leela had bad hair, and she was for girls. I didn't buy her.

But these toys were not enough to complete my adventures. I had to improvise. Having never seen the Master on the TV, I only had the Target books and the *Radio Times* tenth anniversary special to go by. So, my Captain Kirk doll got a felt-tipped beard, my 'Mutant' doll (clear purple and came with a clear white adversary called Cyborg – anyone else remember them?) got a Davros chair made of Lego and a huge rubber spider became the Nestene creature (according to the illustration in Target's *Terror of the Autons*, natch).

Colin Hill
via e-mail.

You didn't get out much, did you, Colin? A more-than-a-little-embarrassing confession: I used to recreate Genesis of the Daleks *to the accompaniment of the soundtrack LP. Marvellous it was, too, with a limbless Action Man in an inverted ice-cream tub playing Davros. Best of all was the bit when Sindy Sarah Jane fell off the top of the sofa in a bid to reach the Thal rocket. Or the bit where eagle-eyed Harry got attacked by a large conch shell.*

How very sad . . .

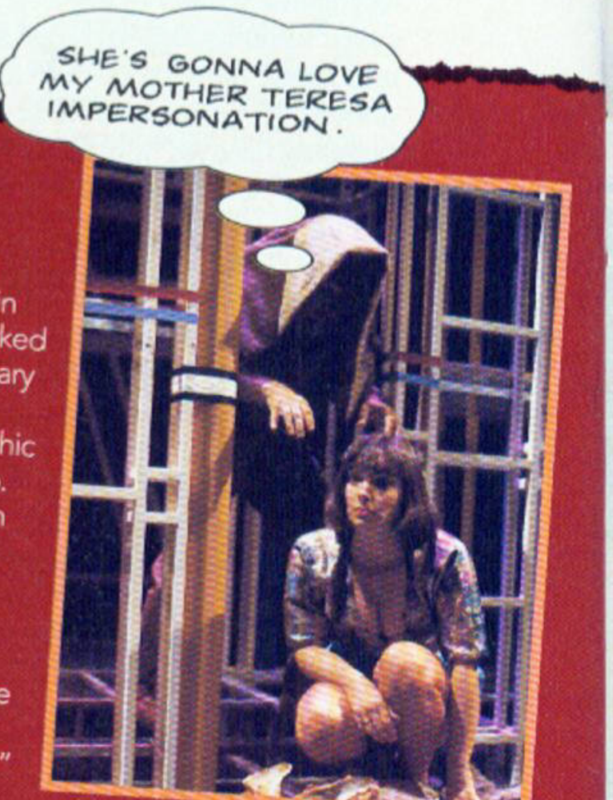
CRAZY CAPTION!

Here's your chance to win one of ten copies of BBC Video's latest *Doctor Who* release, *The Leisure Hive*.

Simply devise an amusing snippet of speech to drop into the blank balloon in the picture above. The best ten will win a video. The rest will be ritually burned in imitation of High Priest Hepesh and his curmudgeonly ways. Send your entry on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope to **CRAZY CAPTION 247** at the editorial address on page three.

Crazy Caption 243 result

A Christmas Carol: once upon a time in merry Tunbridge Wells stood the headquarters of megalithic publishing corporation Panini and Sons. And within was a small, oak-lined office where worked two ruddy-cheeked editorial urchins, Gary and Alan. Now, our heroes were ruled over tyrannically by Master Vyse, a graphic designer known to all as King of Grump. It was Christmas Eve, and Gary and Alan were begging with crotchety (© Peter Haining) Master Vyse to be allowed to depart but three minutes early to scurry along to the Pantiles merchant-place where they might purchase a large goose for the yuletide table, and Fuse bars for their children's stockings. "Bah, humbug," snarled horrid Master Vyse – and cancelled their Christmas leave. That night, Master Vyse received three strange visitations in his bedroom . . . but the rest of this story we consider unsuitable for a family audience. This month's winning caption was pulled from a small Harrods hamper by Neska, the office cat, who's very happy to have a frond of festive tinsel about her collar. It was sent in by **Kevin Palmer** of South Oxhey, Herts. The rest were irredeemably awful. Especially the Tommy Cooper ones.


SHE'S GONNA LOVE MY MOTHER TERESA IMPERSONATION.

IT'S BACK ... AND IT'S THE LAST TIME!

SUNDAY 4th & MONDAY 5th MAY 1997. HOTEL PICCADILLY. MANCHESTER

MANOPTICON
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THE BIGGEST...

"The one Doctor Who convention that no fan can afford to miss...

It gets bigger and better every time" - SFX

AND THE BEST!

"It would be difficult not to be impressed by Manopticon" - DreamWatch

"It's the end, but the moment has been prepared for"

WHERE?

The venue for this event is the Hotel Piccadilly,
Situated right in the heart of Manchester.
The hotel is next to the city's main train station, and is easily accessible from other forms of transport.

WHY?

Our charity this year is the *Roy Castle Cause for Hope Appeal.* Manopticon 4 raised £4000 for this discerning cause, and with your help we hope to top that.

WHAT GOES ON?

There will be two full days of entertainment, running from 10:00am until 6:00pm

As well as guest panels, there will be a merchandise room, a costume exhibition and more.

There will also be autograph panels, conducted in such a way that people queuing are not forced to miss any of the interviews in the main hall. Additionally, the Sunday evening will feature a cabaret, running from 8:00 'till late and featuring the *final* live performance of popular musicians *Ian Hu & Mark Lambert*

Manopticon prides itself on having the biggest and the best guest list every year, and on featuring a number of Doctors and companions, along with guest stars and members of the production team, from the entire history of the programme.

In the past we have showcased the first convention appearances of several stars from the show: *Jackie Lane, Anneke Wills, David Brierley, Peter Purves, Caroline John* and the first UK appearance of *Philip Segal*, with the official preview of the *Doctor Who telemovie.*

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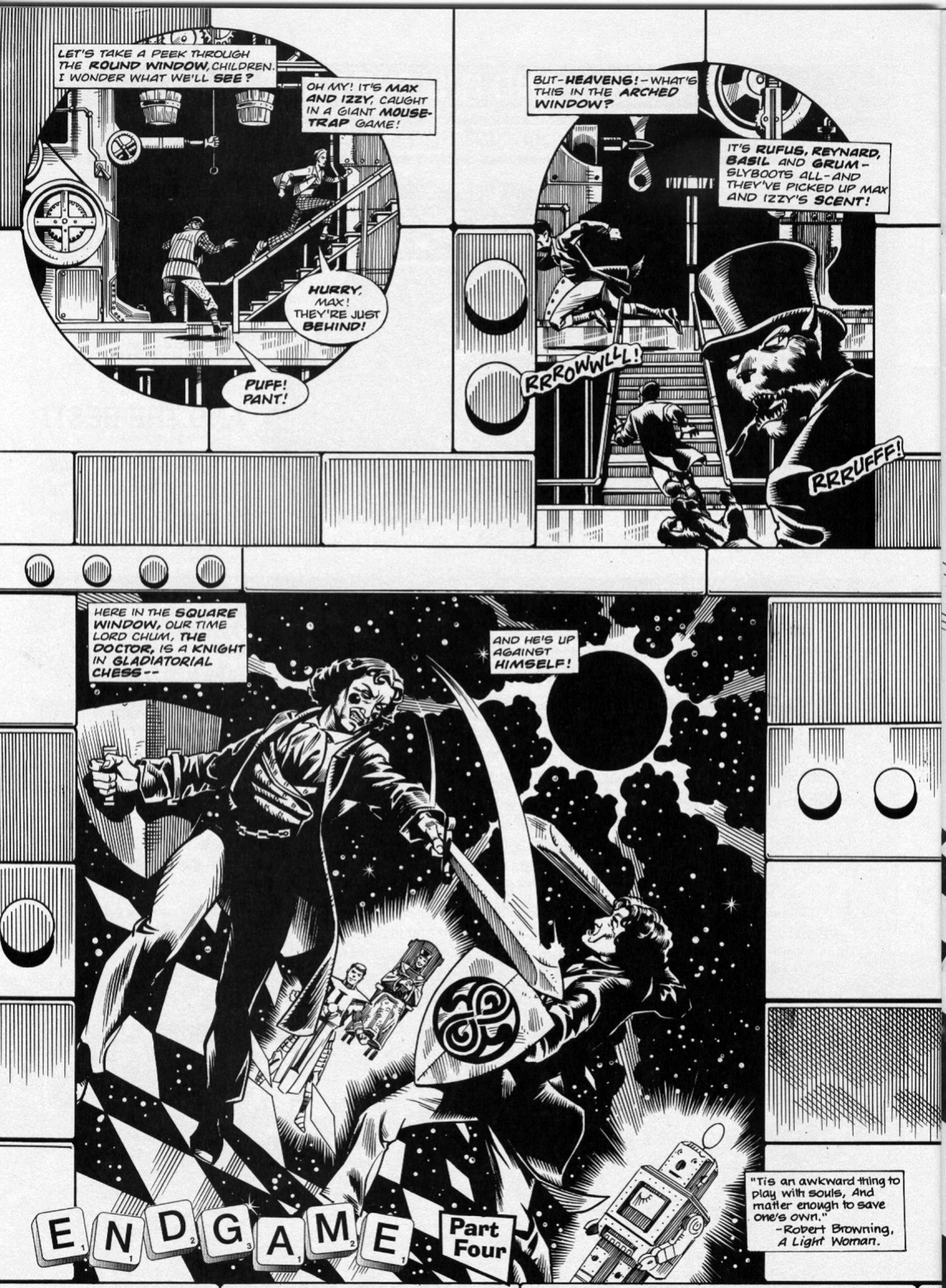
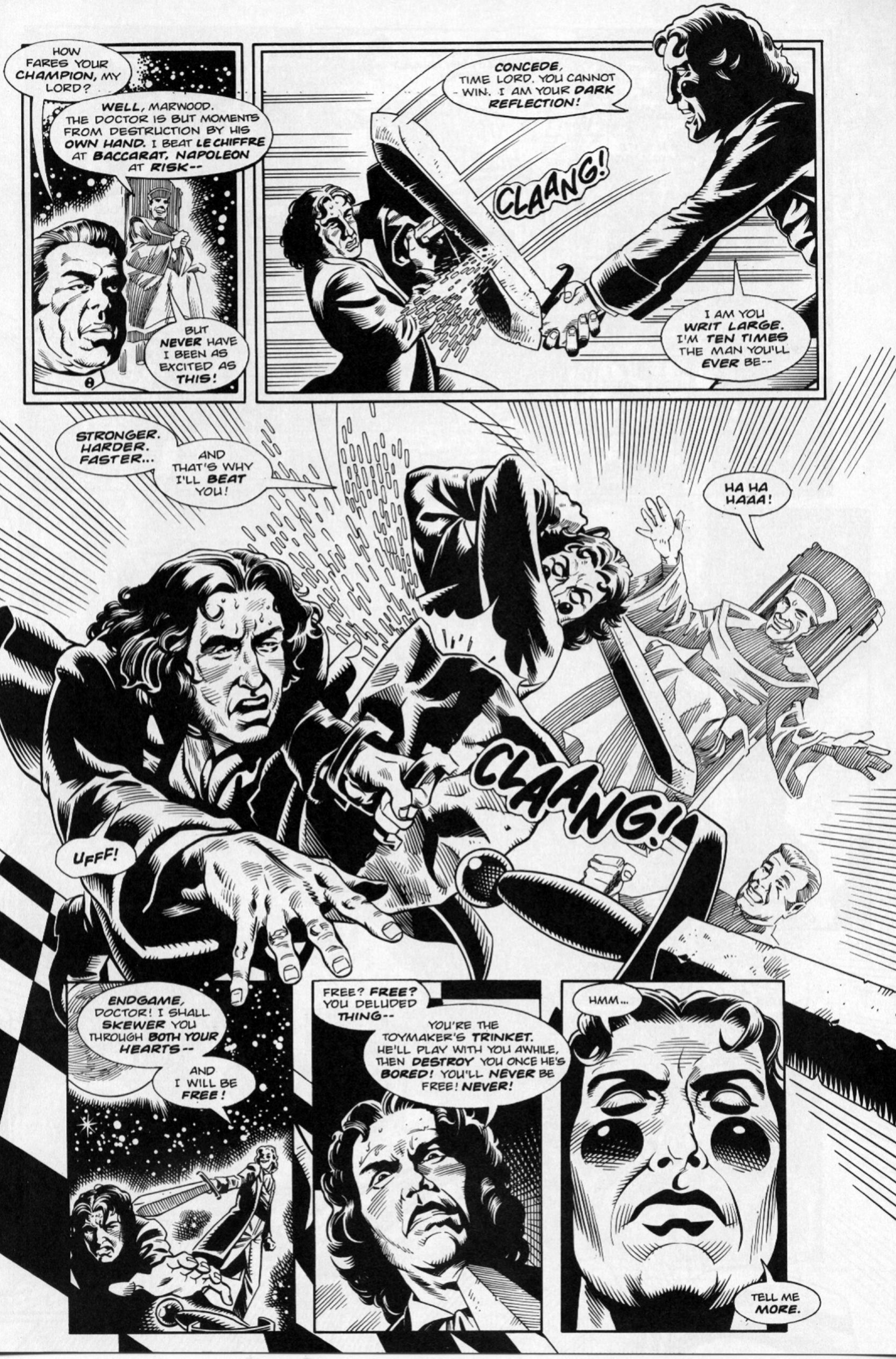
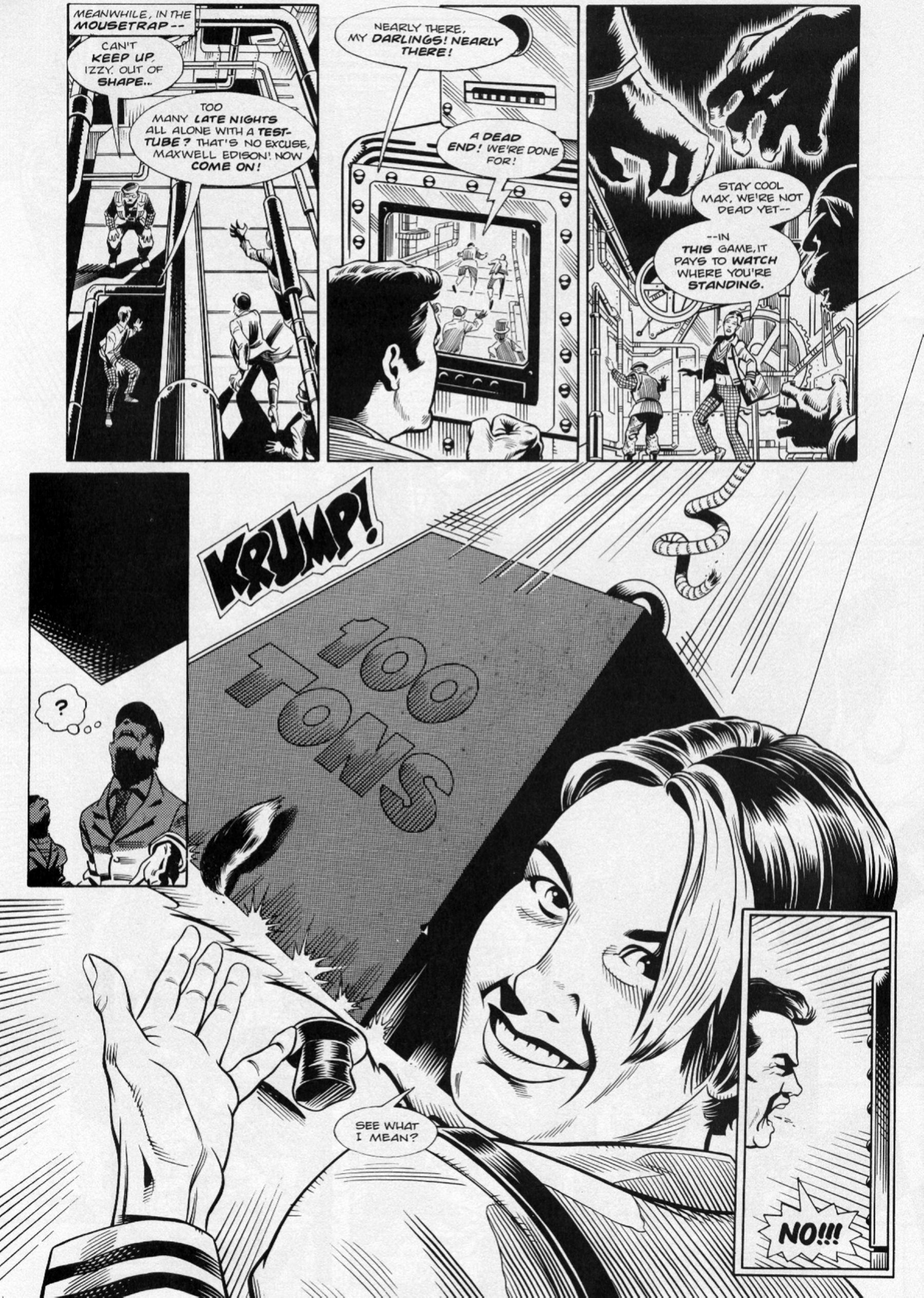
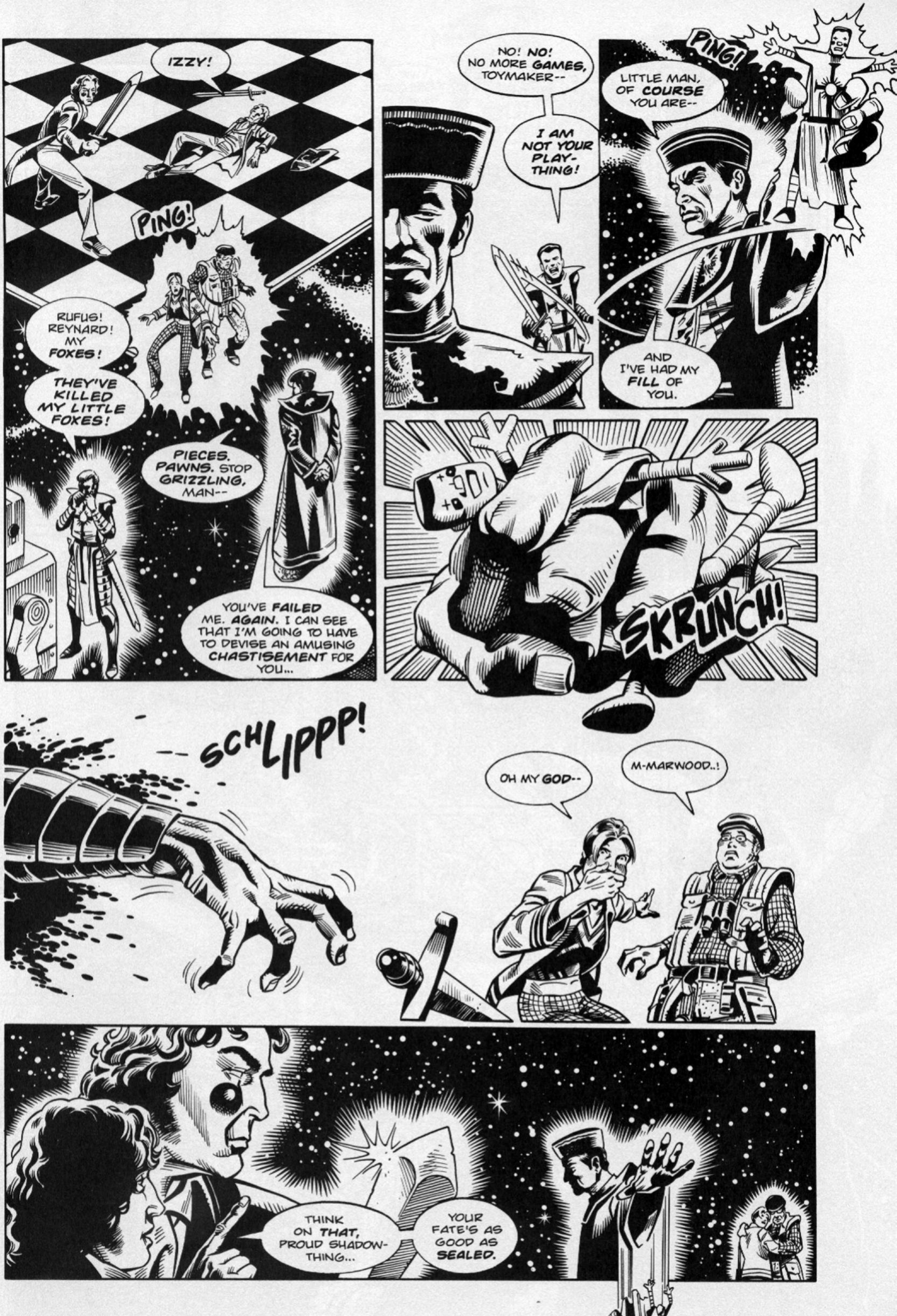
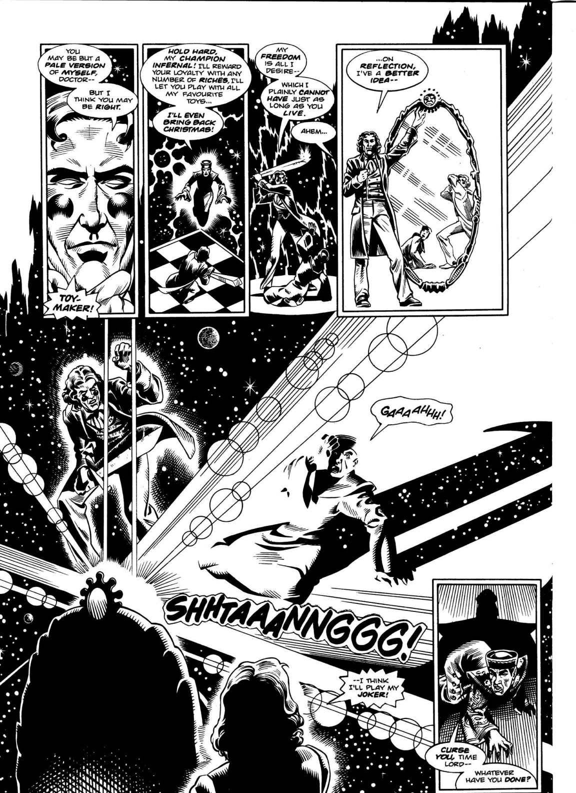

LET'S TAKE A PEEK THROUGH THE **ROUND WINDOW**, CHILDREN. I WONDER WHAT WE'LL **SEE?**
OH MY! IT'S **MAX AND IZZY**, CAUGHT IN A GIANT **MOUSE-TRAP** GAME!
HURRY, MAX! THEY'RE JUST **BEHIND!**
PUFF! PANT!
BUT-**HEAVENS!**-WHAT'S THIS IN THE **ARCHED WINDOW?**
IT'S **RUFUS, REYNARD, BASIL** AND **GRUM**-SLYBOOTS ALL-AND THEY'VE PICKED UP MAX AND IZZY'S **SCENT!**
RRROWWLLL!
RRRUFFF!
HERE IN THE **SQUARE WINDOW**, OUR TIME LORD CHUM, **THE DOCTOR**, IS A KNIGHT IN **GLADIATORIAL CHESS**--
AND HE'S UP AGAINST **HIMSELF!**
ENDGAME Part Four
"Tis an awkward thing to play with souls, And matter enough to save one's own."
-Robert Browning, *A Light Woman.*

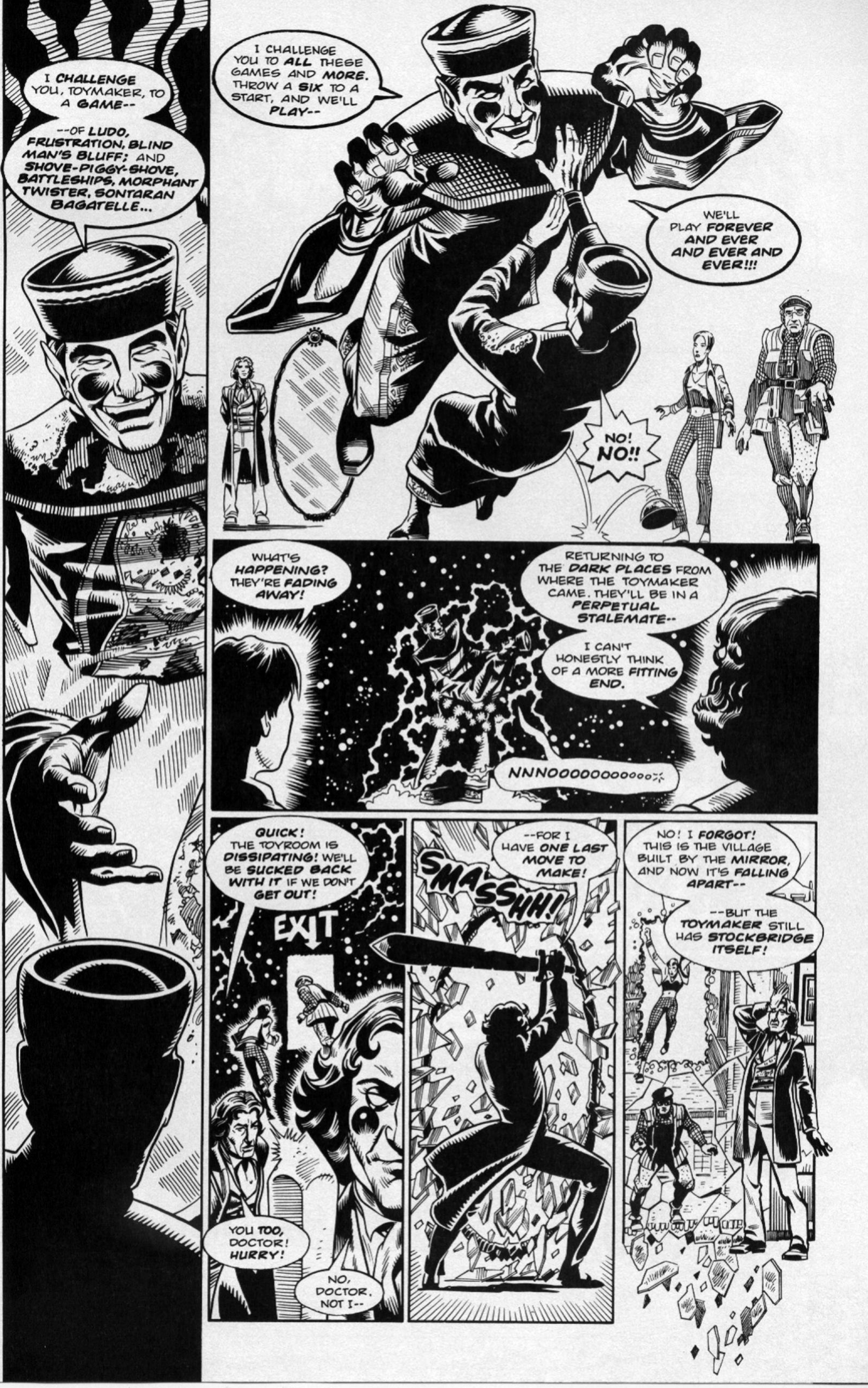
STORY: **ALAN BARNES** PENCILS: **MARTIN GERAGHTY** INKS: **ROBIN SMITH** LETTERS: **ELITTA FELL**
EDITORS: **GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY**

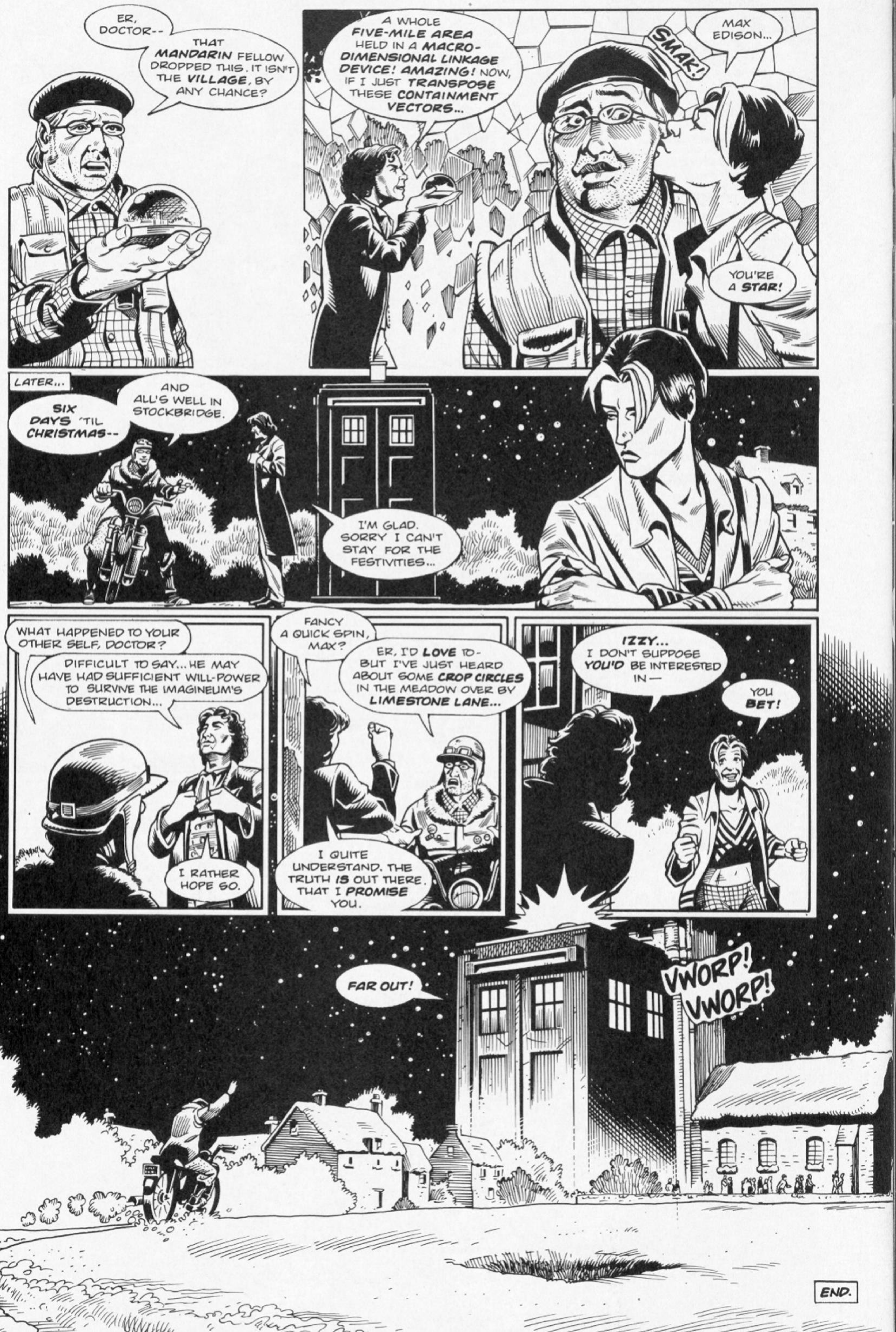

HOW FARES YOUR CHAMPION, MY LORD?
WELL, MARWOOD. THE DOCTOR IS BUT MOMENTS FROM DESTRUCTION BY HIS OWN HAND. I BEAT LE CHIFFRE AT BACCARAT, NAPOLEON AT RISK--
BUT NEVER HAVE I BEEN AS EXCITED AS THIS!
CONCEDE, TIME LORD. YOU CANNOT WIN. I AM YOUR DARK REFLECTION!
CLAANG!
I AM YOU WRIT LARGE. I'M TEN TIMES THE MAN YOU'LL EVER BE--
STRONGER. HARDER. FASTER...
AND THAT'S WHY I'LL BEAT YOU!
HA HA HAAA!
CLAANG!
UFFF!
ENDGAME, DOCTOR! I SHALL SKEWER YOU THROUGH BOTH YOUR HEARTS--
AND I WILL BE FREE!
FREE? FREE? YOU DELUDED THING--
YOU'RE THE TOYMAKER'S TRINKET. HE'LL PLAY WITH YOU AWHILE, THEN DESTROY YOU ONCE HE'S BORED! YOU'LL NEVER BE FREE! NEVER!
HMM...
TELL ME MORE.


MEANWHILE, IN THE MOUSETRAP --
CAN'T KEEP UP, IZZY. OUT OF SHAPE...
TOO MANY LATE NIGHTS ALL ALONE WITH A TEST-TUBE? THAT'S NO EXCUSE, MAXWELL EDISON! NOW COME ON!
NEARLY THERE, MY DARLINGS! NEARLY THERE!
A DEAD END! WE'RE DONE FOR!
STAY COOL MAX, WE'RE NOT DEAD YET--
--IN THIS GAME, IT PAYS TO WATCH WHERE YOU'RE STANDING.
KRUMP!
100 TONS
?
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
NO!!!


IZZY!
PING!
RUFUS! REYNARD! MY FOXES!
THEY'VE KILLED MY LITTLE FOXES!
PIECES. PAWNS. STOP GRIZZLING, MAN--
YOU'VE FAILED ME. AGAIN. I CAN SEE THAT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DEVISE AN AMUSING CHASTISEMENT FOR YOU...
NO! NO! NO MORE GAMES, TOYMAKER--
I AM NOT YOUR PLAYTHING!
PING!
LITTLE MAN, OF COURSE YOU ARE--
AND I'VE HAD MY FILL OF YOU.
SKRUNCH!
--SCHLIPPP!
OH MY GOD--
M-MARWOOD..!
THINK ON THAT, PROUD SHADOW-THING...
YOUR FATE'S AS GOOD AS SEALED.


YOU MAY BE BUT A PALE VERSION OF MYSELF, DOCTOR--
BUT I THINK YOU MAY BE RIGHT.
TOY-MAKER!
HOLD HARD, MY CHAMPION INFERNAL! I'LL REWARD YOUR LOYALTY WITH ANY NUMBER OF RICHES, I'LL LET YOU PLAY WITH ALL MY FAVOURITE TOYS...
I'LL EVEN BRING BACK CHRISTMAS!
MY FREEDOM IS ALL I DESIRE--
WHICH I PLAINLY CANNOT HAVE JUST AS LONG AS YOU LIVE.
AHEM...
...ON REFLECTION, I'VE A BETTER IDEA--
GAAAAHHH!
SHHTAAAANNGGG!
--I THINK I'LL PLAY MY JOKER!
CURSE YOU, TIME LORD--
WHATEVER HAVE YOU DONE?


I CHALLENGE YOU, TOYMAKER, TO A GAME--
--OF LUDO, FRUSTRATION, BLIND MAN'S BLUFF; AND SHOVE-PIGGY-SHOVE, BATTLESHIPS, MORPHANT TWISTER, SONTARAN BAGATELLE...
I CHALLENGE YOU TO ALL THESE GAMES AND MORE. THROW A SIX TO A START, AND WE'LL PLAY--
WE'LL PLAY FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER AND EVER!!!
NO! NO!!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? THEY'RE FADING AWAY!
RETURNING TO THE DARK PLACES FROM WHERE THE TOYMAKER CAME. THEY'LL BE IN A PERPETUAL STALEMATE--
I CAN'T HONESTLY THINK OF A MORE FITTING END.
NNNOOOOOOOOOooo
QUICK! THE TOYROOM IS DISSIPATING! WE'LL BE SUCKED BACK WITH IT IF WE DON'T GET OUT!
EXIT
YOU TOO, DOCTOR! HURRY!
NO, DOCTOR. NOT I--
--FOR I HAVE ONE LAST MOVE TO MAKE!
SMASSHH!
NO! I FORGOT! THIS IS THE VILLAGE BUILT BY THE MIRROR, AND NOW IT'S FALLING APART--
--BUT THE TOYMAKER STILL HAS STOCKBRIDGE ITSELF!


ER, DOCTOR--
THAT **MANDARIN** FELLOW DROPPED THIS. IT ISN'T THE **VILLAGE**, BY ANY CHANCE?
A WHOLE **FIVE-MILE AREA** HELD IN A **MACRO-DIMENSIONAL LINKAGE DEVICE! AMAZING!** NOW, IF I JUST **TRANSPOSE** THESE **CONTAINMENT VECTORS...**
SMAK!
MAX EDISON...
YOU'RE A **STAR!**
LATER...
SIX DAYS 'TIL **CHRISTMAS--**
AND ALL'S WELL IN STOCKBRIDGE.
I'M GLAD. SORRY I CAN'T STAY FOR THE FESTIVITIES...
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR OTHER SELF, DOCTOR?
DIFFICULT TO SAY... HE MAY HAVE HAD SUFFICIENT WILL-POWER TO SURVIVE THE IMAGINEUM'S DESTRUCTION...
I RATHER HOPE SO.
FANCY A QUICK SPIN, MAX?
ER, I'D **LOVE** TO- BUT I'VE JUST HEARD ABOUT SOME **CROP CIRCLES** IN THE MEADOW OVER BY **LIMESTONE LANE...**
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